THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

Vol. LXV No. 5—E J. POLLARD, Editor and Proprietor. Historical Society

NAPANEE, ONTARIO, CANADA—TUESDAY, MARCH 9th, 1926.

$1.50 per year in advance

In the Tea Cup

the full charm of

"SALADA"

TEA H636

is revealed. The flavor is pure, fresh and fragrant. Try it. Black, Mixed or Green Blends.

Surveying and Engineering

T. H. WIGGINS, O.L.S.

Ontario Land Surveyor.
Municipal Engineering.
Drainage Engineering.
Subdivisions, Plans, Etc.

NAPANEE, ONT.

Phone 385. Box 139.

15tf

INSURANCE

For Fire Insurance try ALFRED McCUTCHEON, Roblin.

A number of compaines to choose from.

Office: Residence, Roblin, Main Street. 27-tf

CONTRACTS WANTED

We are open to contract for a limited quantity of

Tomatoes, Corn and Seed Peas.

Call and see our representative, who will be at the

Royal Hotel, Napanee

—on—

Saturday Afternoons.

THE E. C. METCALF CANNING COMPANY

3-tf

DOXSEE & CO.

NEW MILLINERY

Our presentation of Hats embrace all that fashion demands for the coming season in Ribbon, Faille, Silk, Felts, Straws, including combinations of Ribbon and Straw, Hair and Felt, Straw and Silk. Ready now for early buyers.

SCARFS

So popular this season and shown in a nice range of designs in all the newest colors. Prices moderate.

The Leading Millinery House

Clothes of Quality

Tailored to your individual order.

300 of the newest up-to-date patterns in Fabrics that will appeal to well-dressed men.

Serges, Tweeds, Cheviots, and Fine Worsteds.

We sell for less.

W.W. ADAMS

Merchant Tailor.

Men's and Boys' Wear

Newburgh, - Ont.

FOR SALE—A practically new Congoleum Rug. Aply to MRS. HIRAM PARKS, South Napanee.

FOR SALE—A bargain for a quick buyer. Triplex Auto-Knitter, in good condition. Apply MRS. WALTER METCALFE, Market Square, Napanee. 3-tf

PARTY with $2000.00 cash wanted to purchase improved property in live village. Assured return. Apply U. M. WILSON, Solicitor, Napanee. 13-d

ALWAYS a number of farms and houses in town for sale. Owners may also list property for sale at low terms. No sale, no charge. T. B. GERMAN, Barrister, Napanee. Ont. 6-tf

MORTGAGE SALE—At U. M. Wilson's Law Office, March 18th, 1926, 1.30 p.m. Frame double dwelling house, lot 11, south side Thomas street, Napanee, Ont. Reserved bid. Usual terms. 14-c

FARM FOR SALE OR TO LET—100 acres, Lot 1 in 3rd Con. of Camden, also 50 acres, Lot 5, in 4th Con. Camden. Well watered and fenced. Buildings in good repair. Apply to R. McQUAIG, on premises, Selby P.O.

FOR SALE—One hundred acre farm, five miles from Picton on county road, close to church, school and cheese factory. Good buildings, good land, spring watered pasture, about six acres of wood. Price reasonable. Apply to IRVIN UNGER, Elmbrook, Ont. 45-tf

WANTED—SMALL HOUSES TO SELL OR RENT. JAS. ED. CLARK, AT CARD'S GARAGE.

FOR SALE OR TO RENT—The property known as "Abbott Farm" two miles N.E. of Selby, containing 115 acres, more or less. The farm is in the highest state of cultivation; buildings in first class condition; abundance of water; fine sugar orchard and fall ploughing done. See MRS. ABBOTT, Bridge Street, West, Napanee. 13-tf

FARM FOR SALE—The vendors are now in a position to sell by private sale the following described farm: Part of lot No. 3 in the 6th concesson, Township of Richmond, containing 140 acres more or less, and part of west part of Lot No. 4 in the 7th concession, Township of Rchmond, containing 15 acres more or less, being the farm known as the Joseph Lockridge farm. Dated November 25th, 1925. Apply to T. B. GERMAN, Barrister-at-law, Napanee, Ontario. 1-tf

FARM FOR SALE—The "Abbott Farm" situated two miles north east of the village of Selby, Township of Richmond, County of Lennox and Addington, containing 115 acres. This farm is in the highest state of cultivation and the buildings, all modern, have been kept in perfect condition. Never failing wells and springs ensure an abundant supply of water. There is a fine maple sugar orchard, and sufficient wood for all requirements. Possession any time. See MRS. A. W. ABBOTT, Bridge Street, Napanee.

The regular monthly meeting of the Eastern Branch of the W. M. S. of Bay Circuit will be held at the home of Mrs. Elmer Alkenbrack, on Thursday, March 11th, at 2 p.m. Meeting in charge of the President, assisted by Miss Ada Griffith, Beatrice Joyce and Euretta Sherman. Also election of officers. Full attendance is requested. 14-a

—o—

A small "Want Adv." in the columns of The Napanee Express will bring results.

Earn and Save

SAVING is just as important as earning, for earning is but of the present, while saving is assurance of future security and the foundation of prosperity.

The Dominion Bank protects the funds of its depositors by the prudent management of experienced officers. 13

THE DOMINION BANK

NAPANEE BRANCH,

C. WAITE, Manager.

COUNTY COUNCIL HISTORICAL RETROSPECT

The death of James N. Bryden at Mannville, Alta., recently, recalls to the writer the fact that he was, when resident in Kaladar in this County, one of the most popular of its citizens and played a prominent part in Municipal matters in that township. In 1896 the law providing for the Constitution of County Councils, was changed so that that body did not, after 1896, consist of the Reeves and Deputy Reeves of the various municipalities in the County, but the County was divided into five County Council Divisions, each Division having two representatives elected for two years. The first of such County Councils was as follows:

No. 1, Highland's County Council Division—James Bryden, Flinton; Hiram Keech, Tamworth.

No. 2, Camden County Council Division—Chas. Riley, Camden East; W. A. Martin, Moscow.

No. 3, Ernesttown County Council Division—B. E. Aylsworth, Bath; J. Amey, Ernesttown Station.

No. 4, U. E. L. County Council Division—Cyrus R. Allison, Parma; John C. Carscallen, Napanee.

No. 5, County Council Division—Allan Oliver, Deseronto; Thos. Symington, Napanee.

Our present County Clerk, W. G. Wilson, was the Co. Clerk and Irvine Parks was County Treasurer and John T. Grange and W. F. Hall County Auditors.

The late B. E. Aylsworth, was, under this system its first Warden in 1897, followed in 1898 by Jas. N. Bryden as Warden.

This system lasted only ten years, i. e. till end of 1906, when the Constitution of the County Council reverted to former law and has remained so ever since. Mr. Bryden was a most popular personality and although many of those who were accustomed to meet him in Municipal matters have, like himself, passed away, yet there are still some left who admired his manly, straightforward character and social qualities when in our midst.

This paper extends to his sorrowing wife and family the sympathy of its readers.

—o—

Laundryette!

The popular Electric Washing Machine, washes and drys without wringing. The housewives helpmate. See it at

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

THE Belleville Nurseries!

—for—

—**Hardy Ornamental Trees, and Shrubs, Evergreens, Hedge Plants, Etc.**
—**Select varieties of Roses a Specialty.**
—**Special prices on all Fruit Trees for immediate orders.**
—**Catalogue and prices on request.**

W. C. REID,

179 Dundas St.,

BELLEVILLE, ONT.

10-tf

FRED RUSSELL

Dealer in HAY AND GRAIN

East Street, Napanee

'Phone 406

ESTABLISHED 1867

We wish to draw your attention to the fact that with our fast private wires into Winnipeg and Chicago pits, we are in a position to give you the best of service in

GRAIN FUTURES

When you want to buy or sell Grain Futures open an account with a grain firm who handles grain.

JAMES RICHARDSON & SONS, Limited

KINGSTON, ONT.

Telephones: 723, 724

Grain Receivers, Shippers and Exporters. Owners and Operators of Public and Private Terminals and Country Elevators.

Private Wire Connections and Branches from coast to coast

Cable Correspondents throughout the world.

NOTICE

For the information of the subscribers of the Perry Telephone System, connecting at Napanee, the following Order of the Ontario Railway Board fixes the amounts and time of payment of all telephone rentals:

THE BOARD ORDERS

Subject to the conditions prescribed in the Order, that leave be granted to the Applicant to charge the undermentioned tariff charges for telephone service to take effect as from the First Day of January, A.D., 1921.

To subscribers signing a five years' contract, $18.75 per annum.

To subscribers signing a yearly contract, $20.00 per annum.

And the Board further orders that the said tariff charges be subject to a discount of 20 per cent. on all amounts paid on rentals within 30 days from the date of rendering the account for same.

D. A. McINTYRE,
Chairman.

In the future the above Order will have to be strictly adhered to.

FRED A. PERRY.

14-b

RICHMOND MINUTES

March 1st, 1926.

Council met in Town Hall, Selby. The members were all present, the Reeve presiding.

The minutes of last meeting were read and adopted.

Moved by M. Dupre, seconded by E. A. McQuaig, that Leslie Davis be paid $45.00 for 1000 ft. tamarack plank. Carried.

Moved by C. Hartin, seconded by M. Dupre, that the claim of Jonas Sweet, re balance on stone, be laid on table. Carried.

Moved by E. A. McQuaig, seconded by C. Hartin, that W. Bowen be paid $40.00 for vault doors and brick to build the same. Carried.

The following applications were received:

To furnish power—Chas. Rombough, J. N. Richmond, Homer Richmond, and Arthur Kimmett.

For Engineer—John E. Hudgins, Sid. Busby, Jas. L. Richmond, John Benn, Arthur Kimmett and John McFarlen.

Moved by M. Dupre, seconded by A. H. Oliver, that Chas. Rombough's tender to furnish power to operate road machinery at 95 cents per hour, he to furnish all necessary supplies for same, be accepted and a By-law be drafted accordingly. Carried.

Moved by E. A. McQuaig, seconded by C. Hartin, that By-Law No. 743 receive its third reading, be signed, sealed and finally passed. Carried.

After much discussion it was moved by E. A. McQuaig, seconded by A. H. Oliver, that John E. Hudgins be appointed Road Engineer for 1926 at a salary of 35 cents an hour. Carried.

Moved by Mr. Dupre, seconded by C. Hartin, that By-Law No. 744 appointing Road Engineer, be read the third time, be signed, sealed and finally passed. Carried.

The Clerk's account for supplies for $6.75 was paid.

On motion Council adjourned to meet April 5th, 1926.

H. A. WOOD, Clerk.

—o—

CAMDEN EAST.

The past few days have been very stormy.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Storms, of Wilton, spent Wednesday afternoon last with their friends, Mr. and Mrs. L. Hartman.

Mrs. E. M. McKim spent Tuesday afternoon last with Mrs. J. W. Stewart.

Mrs. Wm. Hinch, Bethel street, West, spent Saturday afternoon last with Mrs. S. Breen.

Mrs. [illegible] Alcombrack and daughter, Frances, spent Saturday last in Kingston.

Mrs. E. M. McKim went to Kingston last week to visit her sister, Mrs. Sharpe, at the General Hospital, who is seriously ill and spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Hunter and Mr. and Mrs. H. Keech.

Mr. J. W. Amey, a resident of this village and a very highly respected citizen, died on February 25th. The funeral was held in the Union Methodist Church on Saturday afternoon at 1.30 o'clock. The sermon was preached by the pastor, Rev. Mr. Anderson, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Hoare. The funeral was attended by a large number of relatives and friends, the church being crowded to the doors. The remains were placed in Williams' vault.

The Camden East paper mill has more orders for manufactured paper and the men are back at work again.

Mrs. Ted Allore is very ill at present time of writing. Dr. Mounce, of Newburgh, is in attendance.

—o—

MARLBANK.

Shovelling snow is the order of the day here now, and the roads are pretty well filled up.

Lenten services were held in the Anglican Church last week.

Mrs. Nelson Brant of Syracuse, has returned home, after spending a few weeks here with her mother, Mrs. B. Clark, who has been very ill.

Mr. Aleck Rogers and Mr. A. Benn are still on the sick list.

Mrs. D. Brown and Miss Lizzie Purvis called on friends here on Tuesday.

Mrs. Carscallen, of Deseronto, has returned home after spending several weeks here with Mrs. S. Turkington.

Miss Florence Allen spent last week-end here with her parents.

Mrs. W. Revelle had the misfortune to fall and hurt herself quite badly on her way home from church on Sunday night last.

Wesley Switzer was burned out on Saturday morning last. He wakened in time to get his family out, but the house and contents were all burned.

Miss Nettie McCutcheon spent last week-end with friends in Roblin.

Mr. Stephen Yates is out again after being confined to the house for a week with rheumatism.

The ladies of the Missionary Society met at the home of Mrs. A. D. Allen on Tuesday.

NOTICE OF MEETING

THE COUNTY COUNCIL

of Lennox and Addington, at call of the Warden, will meet at the Council Chamber, in the Court House, NAPANEE, on

TUESDAY, MARCH 9th, 1926

at 2 p. m.

All accounts must be in the hands of the undersigned not later than Wednesday, Mar. 10th, in order that they may be considered.

W. G. WILSON,
County Clerk

Dated March 1st, 1926.

POULTRY PROMOTION IN ONTARIO

POULTRY FAIRS IN EASTERN ONTARIO

The following article appeared in The Farmer's Guide of February, 1926:

At the poultry fairs held in Eastern Ontario as scheduled below, there were very considerable quantities of poultry marketed. The quantity is a great increase over previous years. The prices paid were gratifying and are doubtless higher than they would have been if the poultry had been marketed under other conditions.

	Tons
Kingston, Nov. 24th, 25th	30
Kemptville, Nov. 25th	10
Merrickville, Nov. 26th	9
Jasper, Nov. 27th	12
Napanee, Dec. 2nd, 3rd	125
Perth and Lanark, Dec. 8th and 9th	20
Westport, Dec. 9th	35
Lyndhurst, Dec. 10th	65
Athens, Dec. 12th	30
Almonte, Dec. 10th	30
Smith's Falls, Dec. 10th, 11th	9
Carleton Place, Dec. 11th	12
Lansdowne, Dec. 15th	4
	391

At North Napanee and several other places considerable dressed poultry is shipped each fall by the local dealers. It is safe to add another 65 tons to the above figures for these shipments. This would bring up the total to 456 tons. The tonnage for the year 1924 was only 237, therefore, there is an increase of 219 tons over last year's business.

At some points we were able to get the amount of cash paid through the local banks for poultry during the Fairs:

Napanee, 125 tons—$68,000.
Westport, 35 tons—$19,000.
Lyndhurst, 65 tons—$38,000.
Athens, 30 tons—$18,000.
Total, 255 tons—$143,000 cash.

The four Fairs just mentioned would show that the average price paid was slightly over 28c. per pound. In order to get some grasp of the value of the poultry marketed in this way, it is necessary to arrive at some approximate average price. After reviewing the prices paid at the different Fairs this fall, whole report might be summed up in this manner,—

14 Fairs handled 912,000 lbs. at 26c., $237,120.00.

NAPANEE A POULTRY CENTRE

The poultry industry in this vicinity is making steady progress and possibly no other centre offers more encouragement to producers. For several years active educational work has been conducted by poultry experts from both the Federal and Ontario Departments of Agriculture. Practically every subject pertaining to successful poultry raising has been taken up. Demonstrations in proper finishing, killing and plucking birds have been given at different points in the vicinity, until now the poultry coming forward is a great credit to the producers and to those engaged in the educational work.

There is a very active Poultry Association at Napanee. The members of this Association conduct educational Shows and promote good feeling between the town and country producer. I understand that it was this Association that introduced the first Poultry Fair at Napanee several years ago. Now Napanee boasts of having the largest annual Poultry Fair in the Province.

There is a large hatchery at Napanee and while it is a private enterprise, there is such a community spirit displayed that it is looked upon and often spoken of as the "Community Hatchery." I am very doubtful if any hatchery is rendering greater service. This enterprise began in a small way, as it required considerable educational work before producers would patronize it to any great extent. This work made slow progress for quite a while, then suddenly the demand increased to such an extent that the hatchery could not take care of the custom hatching last year. Mr. Mills, who operates this hatchery, reports that he successfully hatched and distributed 21,000 baby chicks for the producers last spring. The capacity of his equipment was only 10,000. The former capacity is doubled now, and with a 20,000 egg equipment, Mr. Mills hopes to meet demands. The system followed is,—Producers supply their own eggs and the rate charged is $5.00 per hundred, or 5c. per egg. The reports at the hatchery show that the average hatch was 68% for the season. At one time 95% was reported.

The matter of flock culling has also received attention. During the summer of 1923 a flock culling campaign was arranged by the Dominion and Provincial Representatives, the following was accomplished—17 points in the Counties adjoining Napanee. 158 flocks culled, a total of 8,426 birds. From these 1,678 culls were removed, a percentage of 19.9. Through this campaign, a great many producers have learned to do their own culling, with the result that there is an improvement in the average farm flocks.

The matter of selling poultry in this vicinity is practically confined to the Napanee Poultry Fair. The Napanee Board of Trade, the Town Council, the merchants and producers, also the leading wholesale buyers heartily support this annual event. Last year the fair was held on December the 2nd and 3rd., with seven wholesale buyers present from Toronto and Montreal. The number of turkeys were below normal, but this was offset by a larger volume of chickens and fowl. There were approximately 125 tons of dressed poultry sold. $68,000 in cash was paid through the local banks for poultry during the two days.

NAPANEE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

JANUARY AND FEBRUARY REPORT.

A—75% to 100%.
B—60% to 75%.
C—Below 40% in a subject, or below 60% in the total.
Names in order of merit.
Those marked ' absent for one or more examinations.

SR. IV.

A.—M. Exley, M. Bedore.

B.—J. McIllwaine, B. Gibbard, D. Wilson, M. Bates, G. Scott, T. Webb, N. Hartman.

C.—H. Robinson, G. MacGregor, B. Templeton, H. Webster, P. Stevenson and B. Lewis equal; A. Aylsworth, D. Normile, J. Moffat, H. Walker and A. Smith equal; J. Graham, W. Garrison and M. Embury equal; D. Anderson, E. Edgar, M. Smith, T. Davy and A. Frink equal; M. Loucks, K. Gehan, I. McGee, G. Poste, R. Wilson, G. Harrigan, H. Garrison, 'M. Rogers, 'H. Fretts, 'F. German.

JR. IV.

B.—E. Watson, F. Fellows, M. June Thompson, 'A. Knox, C. Reddick, B. Davy.

C.—M. Galbraith, N. Johnston, Ethel Fox, M. Walters, B. Mills, Eyvel Loucks and J. Baird equal; A. Thompson, G. Clarke, E. Joy, M. Irvine and M. Denison equal; M. Richardson, Z. Kellar, J. MacDonald, H. Savage, H. Loucks, Ed. Loucks, 'M. Stinson, M. Evans, L. Fretts, C. Plumley, 'O. Barrager, and J. Holder equal; H. Harrigan, Jetta Thompson and Eileen Fox equal; B. Thompson, 'B. Miller, D. Embury, 'L. Kinkley, June Thompson, 'A. Knox, C. Harrington, J. Graham, 'P. Ford, 'M. Merriam, H. Lucas.

Absent—L. Walters, D. Coakwell, K. Tendall, W. Benn.

JR. IV.

B.—J. Perry, A. Hayes, J. Archer, H. McGraw, R. Babcock, M. Clarke.

C.—H. Ford, L. VanLuven, D. Hagan'.

SR. III.

A.—L. Fraser.

B.—G. Howitt and B. Webb equal; H. Evans, J. LeMaistre, E. Thompson, H. Moore, M. Graham.

C.—J. Garratt, M. Turner, L. McCullough, D. Embury and A. Myers equal; G. Gilmour, B. Hyland, A. Young, H. Barrett, J. Huston, J. Anderson and E. Taylor equal; M. Powell, E. Drake, A. Lewis, N. Ker, 'G. Seymour, R. Le Maistre, M. Seymour, A. VanLuven, 'G. Chambers, 'M. McMillan, R. Hyland and A. Walters missed all examinations.

SR. III.

A.—J. Hawley, M. Roney.

B.—D. Archer, W. Howitt, F. Sager, B. Valkman, G. Brown.

C.—E. Jennings, A. Baker, I. Garrison, A. Babcock, C. Huffman, F. Manion, 'B. Milsap, 'H. Butcher, 'R. Fair, 'K. Babcock, 'G. Barnes, 'J. Irvine.

JR. III.

A.—R. Todd.

B.—B. Boyle, G. Kinkley, L. VanLuven, M. Robinson.

C.—H. Norris, C. Fellows, D. Graham, A. Deschane, G. Post, M. Snider, E. Cooke, D. Wood, C. Daly, 'M. Kinkley, 'J. Cooke.

JR. III.—B.

A.—B. Denison, R. J. McIllwaine, C. Howitt, E. Deschene, K. Savage, H. Hillier, E. Reddick.

B.—E. Reid, R. Fair, M. Drake, F. Fox, D. Loyst, I. Curry, D. Vandusen, A. Benn, J. Roney, C. Cassidy and E. Richardson equal; M. Sculthorpe.

C.—V. Vincent, L. Wilson, C. Martin, G. Bates, H. Hearns, G. Leary, E. Hewitt, J. Cooke, S. Thompson, H. Benn, 'E. Merriam, R. Wheeler, 'R. Vanalstine, 'A. Holder, 'L. Cowle, 'R. Russell, 'M. Thompson.

SECOND CLASS.

A.—M. Plumley, B. Warner, M. Metcalf, B. Templeton, C. Hearns.

B.—E. Pearson, F. Coakwell, I. Seymour, Gordon Curry, E. Wheeler.

C.—K. Lapointe, B. Fair, K. Murphy, H. Bedore and L. Thompson equal; Geo. Vankoughnet, J. Turner, G. Boyes, R. Brown, I. Barrager, 'M. Ross, 'B. Rhyndress.

FIRST BOOK.

A.—Mildred Cooke, Willie Kellar, Harold Reddick, Gerald Reddick, Irene Murphy, Betty Webster, Alan Cornwell, Leonard Losee.

B.—Elizabeth Storey, Isabel Albert Watson, Beverly Cowling, John O'Connor, Evelyn Mills, Moira Fretts, Glenn White, Malcolm VanLuven.

C.—Ray Kellar, Lillo Ballard, Bob Archer, Bobbie Evans, Margaret Fretts, Eleanor Garrison, Bruce Babcock, 'Grant Millar, 'Clifford Barrett, 'Lois Taylor, 'George Griffin, Roy Martin, 'Josie Fair, 'Percy Graham, 'Arthur York, Douglas Wood.

Grace Markle, Isabel McGee, Robert Paul, Gerald Russell, Ruth Vanalstine, Betty Vanalstine—Missed all exams.

FIRST BOOK.

Doris McGuin, Harry Benn, Leona Manser, P. J. LaPointe, Vivian Cronin, Maurice Thompson, Georgie Plumley, Mary McIlwaine.

SENIOR PRIMER.

Ruth Edgar, Keith Sprung, Dorothy Cowling, Norman Root, Godfrey Paul, Bertha Grange, Dorland Barrager, E. Jackson, Robert Garrison, Anna Wilson, Frances Markle.

INTERMEDIATE PRIMER.

Patricia Bartlett, Eva Elliot, Eileen Seymour, Aileen Reddick, Helne Hayes, Dorothy Markle, Billy Baker, Louise Ford, Marguerite Curry, Ruth Miller, Betty Cornwell, Kenneth Moore, Douglas Rendell.

JUNIOR PRIMER.

Albert Temple, Marian Roney, Alastair Ker, Clarence Butcher, Russel Thompson, Rupert Marriam, Mary Buchanan, Doris Rendell, Edgar Graham.

JUNIOR FIRST.

Dora Hewitt, Audrey Parish, Jean Clarke, Jean VanAlstyne, Dorothy McDonald, Doris McMillan, Howard Fretts, Doris Turner, Gladys Ward, Thelma Ker, Donald Leary, Edith Thompson, F. Kellar, Olive Kellar, Noah Wheeler.

SR. PR.

Annie Hearns, Eileen Warner, Laverne O'Connor, Miriam Miller, Jean Gilmour, Jean Young.

INTER PR.

Leo Walker, Authmire Currie, Morley McIlwaine, Jack Coakwell, Jack Parish, Leolie Hearns, A. Fox, Bruce Wells, Harry Leary, Donald Reid, Leonard Huffman.

JR. Primer.

Rachel Wheeler, D. Plumley, L. Kellar.

Absent—D. Tendall, A. Maker, N. Thompson, M. Markle, A. Babcock, D. Exley, L. Markle, R. Wagar.

EAST WARD

SECOND CLASS.

A.—M. O'Neill, E. MacGregor, F. Babcock, P. Todd.

B.—E. Storms, A. Huffman, E. LeMaistre.

C.—L. Taylor, F. Lucas, B. McGee, H. Deschane, M. Pearson, Lillie Lasher, W. Pringle, Lyle Lasher, 'G. Stevenson, 'I. Stevenson, 'J. Stinson, 'E. Conger.

SR. FIRST.

A.—E. Madden, N. Waitson, H. Madden.

C.—'H. Henderson, D. Milsap, E. Young, B. Storms.

JR. FIRST.

A.—J. Vine.

B.—F. Barrett, J. Bates, G. Joy.

C.—M. Whitmarsh, E. Kinkley, F. Huffman, B. Wells, 'A. Bates, 'J. Conger, 'D. Stinson.

SR. PRIMARY.

A. Soby, B. Lasher, J. Soby and M. Irvine equal; I. Winters, F. Waitson, S. Gilbert, J. Huyck, M. Conger.

JR. PRIMARY.

M. Babcock, H. Vine, P. Archer, D. Reid, L. Ford, B. Waitson, J. Thompson, M. Vine, H. Pearson, G. Wagar, R. Russell, R. Kinkley, L. Whitmarsh, J. McGee, M. Wagar, D. Meikle, H. Babcock, F. Pearson, I. Stevenson, B. Young, Mary Conger, J. Lucas, D. Lloyd.

—o—

DENBIGH.

A pleasant wedding was solemnized at the home of Mr. and Mrs. K. G. Adam on Feb. 20th last, when Rev. P. A. Scott joined their only daughter, Margaret Louise, with Lorne Harold Thompson, youngest son of Mr. Theodor Thompson and the late Mrs. Theodor Thompson, of Slate Falls, in sacred bonds of marriage. On Friday evening, Feb. 26th, forty-five friends and neighbors of the newly married young pair enjoyed a pleasant social meeting at their home at Slate Falls, where the evening and part of the night was agreeably spent with amusing games and music.

Carl Rodger, who has for some time been employed in Napanee, has arrived home, just recovered from a serious attack of measles.

Mrs. Chas. Both, who has been away for a few weeks visiting some of her children and their families in Northbrook, Toronto and other places, has arrived home, accompanied by her grandson, Harold Clark, of Toronto.

On Monday of last week we had the heaviest snow storm experienced in this part of the country during this winter, and on Tuesday breaking roads and shovelling snow was the order of the day.

—o—

Poultry Foods!!

Beefscrap, oyster shell, grit, Royal Purple and Pratt's Poultry Regulators, Thermos drinking fountains.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

—o—

PLEASANT VALLEY.

Miss Gertie Lasher is visiting her sister, Mrs. Pybus, Strathcona.

Mr. and Mrs. Adam Frisken and Clifford, Selby, visited a day recently at W. R. Pringle's.

Mr. and Mrs. Owen Young and Fred spent a day recently at Mr. Fred Youngs', Hamburg Road.

We are glad to report Mr. W. R. Pringle getting better after a severe illness.

Those who haven't had measles are having them now.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Lasher entertained a large number of friends Friday evening of last week.

Mr. Isaac Taylor had a bee drawing brick for his new house on Friday.

Misses Winnifred and Edith Taverner had a sleighing party for their S. S. Class Saturday evening to the home of one of the members, Master Keith Sills.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Vandebogart entertained a large number of friends Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Datus Denison, Selby, took dinner Thursday at Mr. W. R. Pringle's.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Smith and Jean visited Thursday at Mr. Elisha Scott's, Deseronto.

Mrs. G. Sills and Keith took dinner Monday at Mr. E. R. Sills'.

—o—

COMING :-: EVENTS

FRANCES NICKAWA AT GRACE Church; Sunday, March 14th, Monday, March 15th.

THE FATHER & SON BANQUET in aid of the Boys' Parliament, will be held in Trinity Church, on Thursday evening, March 11th. The speaker will be Mr. Grimmon, of Rossmore, leader of the Opposition in this year's Boys' Parliament, also Mr. Hanna, M.P.P., for Frontenac.

DO YOU SELL FARM PRODUCTS?



How do you know he won't buy? Have you called him by Long Distance?



"I sell entirely by Long Distance—It's quicker and cheaper."
—Hay and Grain Dealer

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

BY REV. C. G. TRUMBULL.
(Editor of The Sunday School Times).

LAST WORDS OF JESUS WITH HIS DISCIPLES

Sunday, March 14.—John 14 to 17.

Golden Text—I am the way, the truth and the life (John 14 : 6).

Four of the richest chapters in the entire Bible are assigned as our lesson this week, consisting of our Lord's last words to His disciples before His death, and then His high-priestly prayer of intercession (chapter 17). Truth is revealed in these chapters that had never before been disclosed to men since the world began. This brief article will not attempt to cover the four chapters, but only that portion of the text assigned for printing in the lesson helps—verses 1-17 of chapter 14.

Have we realized the connection in which Christ spoke the words at the beginning of this chapter, so often quoted: "Let not your heart be troubled : ye believe in God, believe also in Me?" Simon Peter had just boastfully declared that, if necessary, he would lay down his life for his Lord, and Jesus had made the startling prediction that that very night, before the cock crow, Peter would deny Him thrice. Then at once our Lord says, "Let not your heart be troubled : believe in Me."

What a lesson of comfort there is in this for all of us who have sinned grievously in failing our Lord! No matter how heinous or blasphemous the sin may have been, we hear the Lord saying to us, "Be not troubled : believe in Me." It is not that Christ was minimizing or condoning the blackness of Peter's sin, or of ours; but He was magnifying the infinite saving and cleansing power of His grace, about to be manifested by the shedding of His blood on Calvary as the substitute of sinful Peter and of all sinners. If we will but confess our sin, and trust Christ fully, as Peter did later, we shall be cleansed and restored and kept from sinning, as Peter was.

Heaven is sometimes said to be, not a place, but a state. There is no such teaching in the Bible. Our Lord tells His disciples that there are "many mansions" in His Father's house, that He is going to prepare a place for those who believe in Him, and that He is coming back again to earth, some time, to receive His disciples unto Himself, so that they may be where He is. The teaching is very plain, and this is only one of the more than three hundred passages throughout the New Testament that declare our Lord's second coming.

Then Christ told them that they knew where He was going and knew the way, at which the doubting disciple, Thomas, objects that they do not know where He is going, and how can they know the way? One of the great verses in all Scripture follows in the Lord's reply: I am the way, the truth and the life : no man cometh unto the Father but by Me." There is only one way by which any lost sinner can be saved and get to Heaven, and that way is by accepting Christ as his Saviour.

Another disciple makes another request: "Lord, show us the Father," and brings out another marvellous declaration from the Lord: "He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father." Christ claims identity and equality with God the Father, while at the same time showing that there are three persons in the Godhead, the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit—a trinity. We cannot comprehend this, but we can believe it, for we have Christ's word for it. If we would know God we must look unto Jesus.

Now Christ makes the surprising declaration that those who believe on Him should do the works that He was doing, "and greater works than these shall ye do; because I go unto My Father."

That prophecy was fulfilled. While He was in the flesh before His crucifixion, the greater works that Christ came to make possible could not be done, for His redemptive work was not yet consummated except by His death, resurrection, ascension and gift of the Holy Spirit. Then the greater works than were possible during Christ's earthly lifetime could be brought to pass by Christ Himself, working through His Body, the Church. Men were empowered by the Holy Spirit, on and after the Day of Pentecost, as they could not be in Christ's lifetime on earth. Truth was revealed by the Holy Spirit, in the completion of the New Testament writings, through inspired writers, which Christ said He Himself could not give while He was on earth. (John 16 : 12).

He makes the great prayer promise to the Church: "And whatsoever ye shall seek in My name, that will I do." This promise is sharply conditioned; the things asked must be in Christ's name—that is, according to His will; and the one who prays must be wholly surrendered to the Lord, and wholly trusting Him, by abiding in Him. (John 15 : 7.) But when one meets the conditions, there is no limit to the wonders of answered prayer.

The truth of the Trinity is plainly taught in verses 16, 17, which mention Christ, and the Father, and the Comforter, or Spirit of Truth. Christ promises to believers the priceless gift of the Holy Spirit, to dwell in them abidingly forever, a blessing that the natural man does not and cannot have until he recognizes his need of a Saviour, and receives Christ by faith; then he instantly receives, forever, this great gift of God's Spirit.

The Best Service

A store can give its customers is to provide the best possible **VALUES** for the prices asked.

We seek to do this, and it is our purpose to make you feel you can absolutely depend upon the **QUALITY** of your purchases here.

OUR STOCK OF CLOTHING AND FURNISHINGS MERIT YOUR CAREFUL CONSIDERATION.

THE GRAHAM CO'Y.,
Napanee Ont.

ROYAL HOTEL BARBER SHOP
HARRY SCOTT, Proprietor.
Everything Neat and Sanitary
Best of Service Guaranteed.
GIVE US A TRIAL

J. B. WILLOUGHBY, M.D., C.M.
Corner Dundas and Robinson Streets.
Office Hours :—2 p.m. to 5 p.m., 7 p.m. to 8 p.m.
Phone 307. 32-1y

Dr. S. R. McCreary, B.Sc.
Physician and Surgeon.
X-Rays a Specialty
170A Front St. Belleville
Opposite City Hall
Phone 1200

H. W. SMITH
Graduate of Ontario Veterinary College. B. V. Sc., of Toronto University.
OFFICE—Centre Street. PHONE 61

T. M. GALBRAITH
B. A., M. D., C. M.
Cor. Dundas and West Streets
Specialty—Diseases of Children
Office hours—Until 9 a. m. 2 p. m. till 3 p. m. 7 till 9 p. m.
Telephone—279.

Tennis Once a Criminal Offence.

Tennis, perhaps one of Canada's chief summer games, was once reckoned a criminal offence. True, this was a long time ago; in the reign of Henry VIII., to be precise. The King, alarmed at the neglect of archery in favor of the new game of "tennys," forbade the latter to be played, and severe penalties were imposed on anyone who disobeyed the command. Henry, however, did not feel it incumbent on him to obey his own order, for he built at Hampton Court a tennis court which is still in existence. In 1877 lawn tennis was adopted by the All-England Croquet Club, with the result, probably quite unforeseen, that the game ousted the old one, and the croquet club became the All-England Lawn Tennis Club.

The King's Colony.

British East Africa is now known as the King's Colony and East African Protectorate and includes the whole of the coast line from the Union of South Africa to the Juba river, as well as the vast territories in the interior. Its area approximates 200,000 square miles, the greater portion of which consists of pasture land or barren waste, but there are not lacking extensive districts of great natural fertility in the coast as well as in the interior.

THEY TREAT 'EM ROUGH IN LONDON

By ERWIN GREER
(President Greer College of Automotive and Electrical Trades, Chicago, Ill.)

For every hundred cases that appear in an American court, only three traffic cases come up in a British court. This is quite surprising and illuminating. An outline of these cases—three in number—which have taken from the London Times, should be read with interest. Those most interested will probably be legislators, judges and police officers. Indeed it is a striking comparison.

Emanuel La Rache, 26 years of age, a Swiss army officer on a holiday in this country, was charged with being drunk while in charge of a motor car at 3.30 a.m., and with driving to the danger of the public. While turning a corner near Buckingham Palace the car crashed into a tree and was considerably damaged. Two hours after his arrest La Rache was certified by a private doctor to be quite sober, but suffering from shock. The defendant went into the witness box and denied that he was drunk. After hearing several witnesses for the defense the magistrate said he had no doubt that the defendant was drunk, but, looking at all the circumstances and at the defendant's youth, he thought he should be justified in not sending him to prison. On the charge of drunkenness he ordered him to pay a fine of 40s and £15 50s costs and for driving dangerously he fined him £20.

Robert William Amery, 24, was charged with being drunk while in charge of a motor-cycle. On the night of his arrest, the defendant was riding a motorcycle on the tramway track in Walworth Road. He swerved off the tram lines on to the near side of the road, which had been freshly watered. The machine skidded and overturned. The defendant retained his position on the saddle and was dragged for some considerable distance, but escaped injury. A police constable who went to his assistance formed the conclusion that the defendant was drunk, and that opinion was charged by the officer who took the charge at the police station.

The defendant denied that he was under the influence of drink, but the magistrate said that he was satisfied that he was, and sentenced him to twenty-one days imprisonment. The defendant's license was suspended for three months.

Charles Henry Button, driver of a Tilling motor omnibus, was summoned for driving in a manner dangerous to the public. Evidence was given that the defendant at a point where the road was seven or eight feet wide, pulled out to pass a Timpson omnibus, causing a motor proceeding in the opposite direction to pull up dead to avoid a collision. In the motor car were Mr. J. L. Hutchison, clerk of the Greenwich Police Court; Mr. A. W. Frey, the magistrate, and the usher, who were going to the Woolwich Police Court.

Mr. Gush, who appeared for the defendant, said he had been an omnibus driver for twenty-seven years (fourteen years on a motor omnibus) and had never been convicted.

In fining Button 20s Mr. Dummett said it was abundantly clear that he had pulled out and tried to cut in between the Timpson omnibus and the advancing car.

BEARD OF THE TURK.

It is Sacred, For by It He Pledges His Word and Honor.

Some years ago the German Colonel Von Sandlichting, instructor to the Ottoman army, was shot dead on parade at Yildiz kiosk by a young Albanian soldier, Hadji Bairam, because the German in correcting the faulty pose of the soldier's head touched his chin with his riding whip.

Unfortunately the colonel did not know or did not remember that to touch a Musselman's chin is a grave offense from a religious viewpoint. It is by the beard of the prophet or his own beard that he swears allegiance and makes his vows and promises. According to a Turkish general, an Albanian would kill his own father if he laid hands upon the beard and in disrespectful a manner. A Mohammedan military service is simply a religious duty, and it implies a voluntary submission to discipline. But Turkish officers never dare to touch their men rudely or even to shout at them.

Of course it was a very regretable misunderstanding, and the sultan sent a telegram to the kaiser to express his sorrow, and an imperial Ottoman prince and three Turkish ministers followed the victim's bearse to the cemetery. But in the interests of discipline the murderer had to die despite an appeal for a reprieve from the colonel's widow.

The Albanian was shot by ten men of his own battalion, and when he was asked before the execution if he repented of the deed he replied twice in a firm voice, "No!"—Washington Star.

Some Forgotten Slang.

The cheese. It is the forgotten slang. But there was a time when the proper man was not the Champagne Charlie or anything else but the "cheese." And the negative was "Oh, cheese it!" as a request to refrain from anything. And the origin was a song:

Ain't I the cheese,
Ain't I the cheese,
Walking the park
With my happy Louise?

—London Chronicle.

Resourceful.

Blondine — Gerry Gliddyard is the most resourceful girl I know.

Brunetta—In what way?

"The other day the young man she is trying to land for a husband called her attention to a spot of powder on her nose."

"Well, well"—

"And Gerty said, 'I always do that every time I eat marshmallows.'"—Youngstown Telegram.

THE CROP OF THE MAPLE TREE

The Canadian maple continues to yield its annual crop of sweets, and the crop last year exceeded a value of five million dollars in sugar and syrup, which was slightly less than in 1924, but over a million more than in the previous season. The increase of the past two seasons is credited more to higher prices for the crop than to more extensive tapping and this again is believed to be a direct result of the more general adoption of modern equipment and methods of manufacture. The province of Quebec continues to lead in sugar production, yielding as it does about half the total crop, Ontario, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick yielding the remainder. There has been a great improvement in the process of sugar making in recent years. The replacing of the open sap buckets and the old sugar kettle by the modern covered pails and rapid working evaporators, has raised the quality both of the syrup and sugar produced. The adoption of this better equipment has given the industry a worth while place in modern agriculture, wherever there is still standing a grove of sugar maples. With these products, as with other foods, the quality has much to do with the price of the crop, which can be fine only when processed in the modern way. Bulletin No. 30 of the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa, explains very clearly the modern process of sugar making and shows by illustration the equipment that is necessary to work a considerable grove with comparatively little labour. This bulletin, which has reached its third edition, is available at the Publication Branch of the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa.

THE SURVEYOR'S TELESCOPE

HOW FAR CAN THE SURVEYOR SEE WITH IT?

A question commonly asked the topographical surveyor is "How far can you see with the telescope of your transit?" Te question is really put in a rather bad form, as with the naked eye, unassisted by a telescope, we can see stars in the sky which are millions of miles from the earth. What is really meant is, "What is the farthest distance at which you can detect certain details with your telescope?" For, as it generally known, the duty of a telescope is to make objects appear closer than they really are. Thus, if a tree one mile away is observed through a telescope magnifying twenty times, it will appear as if only one-twentieth of a mile distant. This property enables the surveyor to read marks on his roads which would otherwise remain invisible to him.

The telescope of a surveying instrument permits the instrument to be accurately pointed in a given direction. In this way it performs the same function as do the sights of a rifle with far greater precision, of course, than would ever be possible with bare sights. Indeed, before the invention of the telescope, astronomers and surveyors had to employ rifles fitted with sights to make their observations.

Telescopes, like people, may be good or bad. It is necessary that the surveyor be provided only with good ones if he is to make accurate maps.

In connection with the work of mapping our Dominion, carried on by the Topographical Survey, Department of the Interior, a physical testing laboratory is maintained at Ottawa where, among other things, the telescopes of all instruments intended to be used by the surveyors, are tested before they are accepted from the instrument makers. The test is severe, and telescopes must rigidly meet the required specifications to pass. By this means, inferior instruments are at once detected and much expense and annoyance is saved that would result from sending instruments with low grade telescopes into the field.

Postage Stamps and Germs.

By wetting the gum on the stamp with the tongue is the way disease may be spread by a postage stamp. It has been established by experimentation in laboratories that postage stamps do carry germs. In forty-eight tests out of a total of fifty bacteria were found. The fact that in only two cases were the germs of a malignant type does not lessen in any degree the danger that lurks in wetting the gum on the stamp with the tongue.

Instinctive Action In Death.

The cannon ball which plunged through the head and tore out the brain of Charles XII. did not prevent him from seizing his sword hilt. The idea of attack and the necessity for defense were impressed upon his mind by a blow which we would naturally suppose to have been too tremendous and instantaneous to leave even the slightest interval for thought.—London Spectator.

Plays Need Securing.

"I am literally scouring the country for plays," remarked the theatrical manager.

"Why don't you scour some of those that you already have?" suggested the sharp tongued dramatic critic.

The Result.

"What would happen if two of the baseball teams should come out exactly even at the end of the season?"

"About 10,000,000 fans would be plumb crazy."—Exchange.

Dignity increases more easily than it vanishes.—Seneca.

Hard and soft cut wood for sale. 'Phone 53.
ROBT. LIGHT.
4dtf

Here and There

Nels Nelsen, world's amateur ski champion, gave an exhibition at Shawbridge recently under the auspices of the Montreal Ski Club. Mr. Nelsen holds the record for the longest ski jump in the world, either by amateur or professional ski experts. At the Revelstoke, B.C., ski jump he attained a distance of 240 feet, two years ago. This has never been equalled or attained before or since.

The Prince of Wales spent a day inspecting the British Industries Fair at Birmingham, England, recently. When in the course of his tour he came to the important exhibit of the Canadian Pacific Railway, he stopped, smiled and exclaimed, "Good old C.P.R." On leaving the Prince's verdict was, "It is a splendid fair and I hope it meets with the success it deserves.

Shipped to the Governor of Sierra Leone, South Africa, before Christmas in care of the Dominion Express Company, the receipt of two cases of apples from the Ontario Department of Agriculture has been acknowledged by the Governor's secretary. The latter states that the apples, Baldwins and Northern Spies, arrived beautifully packed and in perfect condition.

General meetings of the Montreal Railway Officers have been held in Montreal arranging for the forthcoming convention of American Railroad Superintendents. The convention is to take place on June 15 to 18 next, and will be attended by railroad superintendents from all parts of the American continent. In all, about eight hundred or a thousand are expected with their wives.

With E. W. Beatty, President of the Canadian Pacific Railway, as one of its patrons, the Red and White Revue, an annual Musical Show, written, produced and acted entirely by McGill Students, was offered to five capacity houses at His Majesty's Theatre at Montreal during the first week of March. This was the third edition of the Revue produced by the undergraduates of McGill University.

One of the largest and most valuable collections of Chinese Jade that has ever crossed the Pacific Ocean was carried off the Canadian Pacific liner "Empress of Russia" when the vessel arrived at Vancouver recently. The entire collection is the result of nine months excavation in the central and northwest provinces of China. The collection was brought by A. W. Behr, well known collector of New York city.

The Annual Italian Trade Fair, to be held in Milan, Italy, during the month of April, has the support of the Italian Government and all the commercial and industrial associations of the country. Judging from the applications already on hand from those wishing to participate it should be a marked success. This exhibition should appeal to Canadian manufacturers and merchants who wish to increase trade between the two countries.

Arriving at Vancouver recently on the Canadian Pacific liner "Empress of Russia," three scientists, Captain L. Dominick, of Yale University, and Wilson Powell and Adrian Rubel, of Harvard, told of photographing the total eclipse of the Sun at an approximate cost of $30,000 a minute. The three astronomical students were members of the Swathmore college expedition who journeyed to the Island of Sumatra to photograph the latest eclipse of January 14.

Folks' Good Opinion.

Few persons do not value the good opinion of others. Pulling down the character of some one else is not the way to build up your own; the ruin of another does not mean your building up. There are some who appear to think another's possessions something taken from themselves. This is a mistake. To point out an error in another's character it is not to prove a corresponding virtue in one's own. Let your chief aim be to make yourself worthy of the good opinion of others. Belittling them is a plain acknowledgment of a conscious fault in your own. The way to win the good opinion of others is to be worthy of it, if you are you will not need to call attention to it.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Racket or Racquette.

When you are playing tennis in playing tennis you do not stop to think what it means and how difficult it has been to trace the word. Some thought that it was so called because of the noise made by the ball striking it, but this is impossible. The real origin is from the French raquette, the palm of the hand, which was originally used in the game before the racket was invented. It is all very simple when you know.—Exchange.

Cured by Suggestion.

"And you say that Jorkins was cured of an extremely bad case of insomnia by suggestion?"

"Yes, purely by suggestion. His wife suggested that since he could not sleep he might as well sit up and amuse the baby. It worked like a charm."

All Through.

"Your friend appears to think that life has nothing more to teach him."

"Yes; he seems to imagine he is the only living alumnus of the school of experience."—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Dominion Tires and Tubes
Williard Battery Service
Auto Accessories, Gas and Gargoyle Oil
Genuine Ford Parts
Ford Quick Change Transmission Bands Installed—Can be relined in half an hour.
Rubber Tires for Buggies Hand and Cushion.
Graham's Garage
DUNDAS ST., EAST
'Phone 218. P. O. Box 567.



Counter Check Books
The Best Produced in Canada
Any Variety, Size or Style
Prices on Counter Check Books are still the lowest they have ever been. Anticipate your requirements and purchase now, before the prices increase.
ALL CLASSES OF JOB PRINTING
from the smallest to the largest, are successfully and expeditiously handled in our plant, which is equipped with all the necessary machinery and equipment to render prompt and satisfactory service to our customers.
The Express Printing House
'Phone 134. NAPANEE

CURIOUS THINGS ABOUT HAIR.

Rare Occurrence to Find Red-haired Person a Lunatic.

"No one's hair has ever turned white in a night—and never will."

This recent statement by Dr. L. A. Hausman, who has devoted years to the study of human hair, shatters a favorite trick of the novelists.

Human hair is a complex structure of cells growing in three "layers." The color of hair is determined by its amount and quality of certain materials deposited in the inner layer by small cells at the hair-root, beneath the scalp.

"The first indication of our loss of vigor," declares Dr. Hausman, "is the failure of these cells to make any more coloring matter. They can just about make the hair—but they cannot paint it too. Hair, after it emerges from the root-cell, is a dead structure like finger-nail, and this means that no change can go on in the hair after it leaves the scalp except artificial changes, such as dyeing or 'permanent' waving."

It is a rare occurrence to find a red-haired person as a patient in a lunatic asylum. Inquiries made a few years ago at twenty large asylums revealed a complete absence of red-haired inmates.

Those who begin to go bald early in life may be comforted to know that where there is baldness there is no fear of consumption.

Of old maids, the overwhelming majority have fair hair. For some reason the dark-haired of each sex marry earlier than the light-haired. And an advertisement inserted in the papers circulating in two large provincial cities in England, offering a reward for information regarding unmarried red-haired women of forty or more, elicited no replies.

By the use of a red hair of the violent type can be darkened to an attractive auburn by taking a spoonful of olive oil after meals for a few weeks.

A scientist says that the average numbers of hairs on healthy heads are as follows: fair hair, 140,000; brown, 109,000; black, 103,000; red, 90,000. One hair, in good condition, should be able to bear a weight of 7½ pounds before breaking.

Hair grows much faster in the summer than in any other season of the year. This is due partly to the heat of the sun and partly to the opening of the pores of the skin, and the escape, in the form of perspiration, of body poisons which, unexpelled, arrest the growth of the hair. It has been noticed that those whose work induces perspiration nearly always have luxuriant hair.

Our eyebrows, merely ornamental, were once "bushes" of hair, and served the twofold purpose of shielding the eyes from the sun's rays and—of greater importance—holding up the perspiration that formed on the forehead, to prevent it trickling into the eyes.

It is said that the present bespectacled world is the result of the gradual disappearance of eyebrows, and the consequent poisoning of the eyes.

Why should one child's hair be curly and another's straight?

The explanation, where neither parents, grandparents, nor great-grandparents have had curly hair, is that "defered heredity" is responsible. Some remote ancestor has had curly hair.

The "curly gene," if one may put it that way, has been passed along the line of life, but has not taken effect for hundreds of years. Then, for some reason it does, and a curly-haired child is born. Originally all hair was straight; curly hair was produced by wrong dieting.

The oldest hair tonic, made for an Egyptian queen, consisted of the paw of a dog and the hoof of an ass boiled in oil with dates!

WINTER.

If the World Wagged Truly, It Would Always Be June.

It is not winter just because the month is December. As a matter of fact, the first three weeks of that month belong to the autumn, and, especially, winter commences on December 21st.

The causes of winter are two, and only two—the sun and the greyness of the earth. The latter, as you know, revolves on its own axis, but the axis is not true. The consequence is that the earth is tilted at an angle. Revolving in that position, it makes its annual pilgrimage round the sun. Thus, during part of the year, its upper half is tilted toward the sun, and then, in turn, its lower half.

We are in the upper half, and when that is sun-tilted we get spring and summer. When it tilts away we get autumn and winter. It is just a matter of heat—of how the sun's rays reach us.

When our bit of the world is tilted towards the sun the rays reach us almost perpendicularly, as they do in August. When it is tilted away the rays have to travel much farther, lose heat in the process, and only get to us at a slant. Thus we are colder and winter comes.

And it is the sun's rays in the summer, it also is partly responsible for our winter. The rest of the responsibility lies with the earth's axis.

Some say that earthquakes are only attempts of the earth to get its axis true. If success should come the seasons would vanish. It would be always June.

Quoits.

The game of quoits is said to have originated with the ancient Greeks and to have been first played at the Olympic games. Perseus, the grandson of Acrisius, having inadvertently slain his grandfather when throwing a quoit, exchanged the Kingdom of Argus, to which he was heir, for that of Tiryntbus, and founded the Kingdom of Mycenae, about 1313 B.C.

The Ancients' Beds.

The ancients slept on skins. Beds were afterwards made of loose rushes, heather or straw. The Romans are said to have first used feathers. Feather beds were in use in England in the reign of King Henry VIII. The bedsteads of the Egyptians and later Greeks, like modern couches, became common among the Roman upper classes.

SEEING THROUGH THE EARTH.

History of the Dowsing Rod Goes Back to Ancient Egypt.

Cattle were dying of thirst on a certain farm in the West of England, where the owner was faced with the necessity of selling his property and losing a considerable sum of money unless he found a good supply of water.

After numerous attempts to sink wells, he hired a professional water diviner. These men are usually paid on results, and charge a fee sometimes as low as two guineas. Not far from the farmhouse, the dowser's twig gave him a definite indication that water in plenty lay beneath his feet. Digging was begun, but after sinking a shaft about 100 feet down no water appeared.

Overwrought with anxiety, the farmer called the dowser a swindler. "The twig has never failed me," the man replied, calmly. "Go down farther." A deeper bore was made, and at a depth of nearly 200 feet a large supply of water was tapped and an artesian well constructed.

The history of the dowsing rod goes back to ancient Egypt. The finding of new water supplies by this means has been practiced in England since the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It is said to have been introduced by German miners who were brought over to teach Cornishmen how to make their mines more profitable.

A successful water diviner has a natural but obscure gift. Without his forked twig, made of hazel—although holly and blackthorn are also favored—he is helpless to discover the water. But in his hands, and his alone, it indicates by its almost life-like movements when he is over water.

Holding the forked ends of the twig securely in both hands, the point is allowed to stick upwards. As the dowser walks over water, the point of the twig may jerk downwards, and actually point to the spot where the water is hidden. When a fresh blackthorn twig is used, its movement is often so violent that the bark peels off in the dowser's hands, and occasionally the twig breaks.

Even a small quantity of water makes the twig move. Some years ago a boy in a London school who possessed this uncanny power astonished his fellows by locating the leaden water pipes on the premises whilst blindfolded.

What do scientists say about this peculiar phenomenon? If some mysterious power resided in the twig itself, anyone could use it successfully. But this is not the case. It is the dowser who matters, the rod merely responding to a feeling that masters him, for the moment, when water is near.

According to Prof. Barrett, one of the leading authorities on the subject, the water-finder's movements are due to "reflex actions caused by some unknown stimulus or some affinity between him and water."

The gift of metal dowsing is less common, although prospecting for minerals with a forked rod is mentioned in a Latin folio dated 1500 A.D. Experiments were carried out near Glastonbury Abbey by Mr. Bligh Bond, the emininet architect. Taking in his right hand a rod tipped with metal, he walked round, and at about twelve places the rod shot vertically downwards. Buried treasure was indicated by these movements.

Mr. Bond also visited the place accompanied by Mr. Timms, a noted metal dowser. The latter has been employed with success by public authorities for this purpose. He has even been roughly correct in stating the number of several coins previously buried. At Glastonbury his twig responded readily in twenty-one places, and the vicar of Glastonbury afterwards made an appeal for funds to permit excavations and for the preservation of the site of this ancient abbey.

Telephoning at Sea.

Immediately the liner Leviathan docks at New York it is possible for any passenger to obtain telephone connection with any of the 16,000,000 subscribers scattered over the North American continent.

When the vessel docks in England on the return trip, however, one cannot even telephone for a taxicab to meet one at the pier, says an Old Country paper.

Most liners are fitted telephonically throughout, having a telephone in every state-room.

When the Leviathan reaches New York the first cable thrown ashore, before the vessel actually docks, contains a telephone lead, which is promptly fixed into a socket on the quay, and the steamer is at once in connection with the land telephone in any part of the United States or Canada.

Similar facilities are provided at Buenos Aires and Montevideo.

Politeness.

"How is it that a man can carry an umbrella over another man's wife more satisfactorily than he can over his own wife?" "He cannot. He just thinks he can because the other man's wife is too polite to tell him what she thinks of his clumsiness."—Houston Post.

There is a vast deal of vital air in loving words. Landor.

Fresh Fruits And Vegetables

—Tomatoes
—Iceberg Lettuce
—Celery
—Spinach
—Cauliflower
—Radishes
—Green Onions
—Rhubarb
—Bananas
—Oranges
—Grape Fruit

Webster's Grocery

(Sign of Quality)

DUELS OVER TRIFLES.

At One Time Almost Any Incident Was an Excuse For a Meeting.

Duels at one time were fought for the merest trifles. Colonel Montgomery was shot in a duel about a dog. Colonel Ramsey in one about a servant, Mr. Featherstone in one about a recruit. Sterne's father in one about a goose, and another gentleman in one about a bottle of anchovies. One officer was challenged for merely asking his opponent to pass him a goblet. Another was compelled to fight about a pinch of snuff. General Barry was challenged by a Captain Smith for declining wine at a dinner on a steamboat, although the general pleaded as an excuse that wine invariably made him sick, and Lieutenant Cowther lost his life in a duel because he was refused admittance to a club of pigeon shooters.

In 1777 a duel occurred in New York between Lieutenant Featherstonhaugh of the Seventy-fifth and Captain McPherson of the Forty-second British regiment in regard to the manner of eating an ear of corn, one contending that the eating was from the cob and the other contending that the grain should be cut off from the cob before eating. Lieutenant Featherstonhaugh lost his right arm, the ball from his antagonist's pistol shattering the limb fearfully, so much so that it had to be amputated. Major Noah lost his life in 1827 at the dueling ground at Hoboken in a simple dispute about what was trumps in a game of cards.—London Chronicle.

The Wild Beet.

Beets were first found growing wild in sandy soils near the sea in Europe and western Asia. The wild beet still found there is regarded by authority as the original type. This wild beet is slender rooted and has a taste so different from the beet we know today that one must consider the first man who tasted one and thought it possible to develop had gifts of hope and imagination far beyond ordinary. The beet has been cultivated since 200-300 B. C.

Old Time Railway Travel.

Third class passenger coaches in England used to be coupled on next to the engine. The travelers came in for terrible treatment when any accident occurred. At times the engine was driven tender first, in which case frozen hands could be warmed at the smoke-stack. The passengers were packed, seventy of them into a truck eighteen feet in length by seven and a half in width. There was no roof and not, as a rule, proper protection at the sides.—Exchange.

A Servile House of Lords.

When King Henry VIII.'s name was spoken in his presence in the house of lords every peer prostrated himself with Asiatic servility. An entry in the records of the house gives the substance of a speech delivered by the chancellor on Jan. 16, 1541, in which the king's goodness and wisdom are extolled, and it tells us that whenever his majesty was mentioned, "which happened often," all the lords prostrated themselves, bowing to the ground as one man.

Hawthorne's Wife.

In one of the essays in his "Vanishing Roads" Richard Le Gallienne tells the following:

One wintry afternoon in Salem Hawthorne returned home earlier than usual from the custom house. With pale lips he said to his wife, "I am turned out of office," to which she—God bless her!—cheerily replied: "Very well! Now you can write your book," and immediately set about lighting his study fire and generally making things comfortable for his work. The book was "The Scarlet Letter."

Courtesy to One's Guests.

Mrs. Nurich was mingling with her guests, extending a greeting here and there. A meek little man caught her eye.

"It was so good of you to come," she exclaimed, grasping his hand. "I'm awfully glad to see you!"

"Thank you, ma'am," blushed the little man.

"You're Mr. de Cash, are you not?"

"No'm," confessed the victim; "I'm the collector for the laundry."—Pall Mall Gazette.

Politely Managed.

"I met a footpad the other night."

"Did he demand your money or your life?"

"He wasn't that crude. He said he regretted that it would be necessary to put me to pecuniary inconvenience and possibly subject me to physical peril and that the exigencies of the moment were such that the laws customarily relied on for protection would have to be suspended. So I handed him my watch and pocketbook."

"PETER PAN" GROWS UP.

Actually a Time When Nobody Wanted Him!

It was on December 27th, 1904, that Sir J. M. Barrie's most famous play, "Peter Pan," was first produced at the Duke of York's Theatre, London. No one, not even the distinguished author himself, dreamt then that this fairy play would so capture the hearts of children and their parents that every succeeding year would see it revived.

Indeed, the story of the boy who wouldn't grow up was offered to several managers in London, including Beerbohm Tree, before it was eventually accepted by the late Charles Frohman.

The story of the acceptance of the play is a romance in itself. Barrie was under contract to supply Frohman with his new play, and one night, while he was dining with the manager, he announced that he had a play, as promised, in manuscript.

But his next words betrayed the fact that he was dubious of its success. "It's been a dream-child of mine," said Barrie, "but I don't think it will make money for you. Still, I want to see it acted, so I've done another play which I will give you to indemnify you."

Eventually Frohman decided to accept both plays. The one which Barrie was afraid would not make money was "Peter Pan," while the other, which he offered the manager to indemnify him from loss, was "Alice-Sit-By-the-Fire," which received only a lukewarm reception.

"Peter Pan" is the perfect play for children, as is proved, not only by its continued success in the Old Country, but also by its popularity in the Dominions, the United States, and even in France.

It is whispered that in the Old Country alone "Peter Pan" must have brought in at least $250,000 to its author. Yet when the famous Tree was offered the play he described it as "silly rubbish."

NEW "CRIMES."

British Laws Which Have Been Obeyed for Centuries Are Changed.

"The Criminal Justice Act, 1925" came into force in Britain this year.

This law, besides amending numerous statutes of King Edward VII. and Queen Victoria, alters one made by Edward III. and another by Henry V.

The most important change made, apart from the abolition of Grand Juries at Quarter Sessions, is in altering a law which has existed in Britain for more than a thousand years. Since the earliest times it has been supposed in British law that, if a married woman commits a crime while her husband is present, the husband is guilty, and it is sufficient for the woman merely to prove that he was present. This is no longer so, except in the case of treason and murder.

Another section is directed against the newspapers. No person may take or attempt to take any photograph, sketch, or portrait of any person, whether judge, juror, or witness, in a court. This will deprive barristers of the harmless pastime of sketching one another during spare moments!

The word "court" means the building and its precincts. It will, therefore, be a crime for a photographer to take one of these "Mrs. So-and-So leaving the court to-day" snapshots which now appear daily in the illustrated Press.

Reckless or drunken motorists also receive attention. In future they will be liable to imprisonment for four months instead of three, and a first offender also becomes liable to this penalty.

A section dealing with passports adds fresh threats to those already familiar to everyone who has spent a holiday on the Continent. It will be a misdemeanor, punishable by two years and a fine of fifty pounds, to make an untrue statement for the purpose of procuring a passport.

Trial by Water.

Among the tribes of the hilly regions of Orissa, in India, trial by water is still employed to settle disputes.

A sacred tank called Phulbant is used in such trials, and its waters are considered holy. In a trial by water the residents of two or three villages sit round the tank, and the two contesting parties, accompanied by their seconds, each armed with a long pole, wait a short distance away. The priest then chants this prayer to the sun: "The giver of Light and Strength, the face of Truth has been covered by a mist of gold; send down your shafts of Wisdom and remove the Veil obscuring the reality."

To ensure the non-interference of demons of the underworld who may be lurking in the pool beneath the holy waters, a chicken is fed and watered and offered to the demons. This done, the contesting parties walk into the water, followed by their seconds. When the water reaches their armpits they take the poles and, having fixed them in the bed of the tank, standing holding them for a minute whilst they turn to the east and mutter a prayer to the sun. Then slowly their heads are immersed in water. The man whose head comes up first is the loser.

This age-old custom has such a hold on the imagination of the natives that often the party who knows he is in the wrong will come up first of his own accord, lest injury in the shape of cramp or drowning is done to him by the powers concealed in the water.

THE QUEER HINDUS

They Rival the Chinese In Their Odd Ideas and Customs.

CASTE RULES THE SERVANT.

He Doesn't Like Work, Anyhow, and Generally Finds a Way to Dodge It. Playing the Stringed Vina Is a Species of Unmusical Torture.

I had thought China was a queer place and that the Chinese had queer customs, but China can't entertain on the same afternoon with India. If some one had told me about their manners and customs before I got to India I would have laughed courteously and set him down in my little book. There are some things that a Hindu will do and some that he will not do. Work is placed prominently on the latter list.

One thing that a Hindu will not do is to play on a flute. He would rather go to the flogging post than dash off a selection on a flute. But he will play a stringed instrument, called a vina, similar to the instrument played by David in the tent of Saul. This instrument looks as if it had originally been intended for a carpet stretcher, but had fallen into the hands of a musically inclined person who had borrowed a couple of piano wires and was determined to lower rents. After hearing an able-bodied Hindu pick on an instrument of this kind one can't help wishing that they would put it in the same class with the flute.

A Hindu's idea of music is to make all the noise he can. He doesn't care anything about rime or rhythm. All his energy is expended in volume. Hindu musicians are all large, splendidly muscled fellows, who play as if they were going to a gymnasium regularly. When one hears them playing on a vina one can't help wondering how David ever came to make such an impression on Saul.

As soon as I got to India I hired a valet. It sounds mighty big—until you know what you have to pay a "boy" in India. A servant is called a "boy" even though he has whiskers and grandchildren. He said that his name was Thumbo Ramalingum, or words to that effect. I couldn't remember the last consignment, so I called him Thumb, and for days I longed to ask if there was a Finger in his family. He wore a skirt and a sheet twisted around his head. He was to be my waiter, for in India you have to furnish your own table boy. When you go to spend a day or two with a friend you always take your own boy along to wait on you. My boy was to mend my clothes, black my shoes, get my bath water ready and hold my shirt. The way he talked I wasn't to do anything except open my mail, put my feet on the table and enjoy life. But I soon found out that his idea and mine differed quite widely as to what enjoyment of life was.

A few minutes before the first meal he suddenly appeared, a bit flushed, and explained that he was of too high caste to wait on table. I tried to show him that it was an honor to be a good and efficient table waiter, but he wouldn't budge a step—he'd rather starve than wait on table. So I had to look around and hustle up another boy to do that part of the work. Every time I wanted him to do anything it was against his caste. His caste seemed to have a special enmity toward all work. When I wanted him to carry my bags he begged leave to be excused, as his caste didn't allow him to do such menial work, and when I gave him my shoes to be blacked he looked at me in horror. It was expressly against his caste to touch leather—a product of the sacred cow.

One day when I told him to pick the hairs out of my brush he looked at me sadly and then began to tell me about a nephew that had suddenly departed this flesh and would I be so kind as to give half a rupee to the grief stricken father and the other half to the inconsolable uncle. That was more than I could stand, and on the spot I told him that he was discharged, fired, and to get out as fast as he could.

"Thank you, sahib, thank you," said Thumb with a profound salute.

I told him that he needn't thank me for firing him, but he only bowed his head and thanked me more profusely than ever. His gratitude was as pronounced as if I had given him a rupee.

"Will you give me a recommendation kindly for the good boy I have been, sahib?"

After what a poor servant he had been, that was the last straw. It would be underhanded to foist him off on somebody else, and then suddenly I saw a way out. "Yes," I agreed enthusiastically, and I wrote for him.

"The bearer of this note with the unpronounceable name has been in my employ for two weeks. During this time I have aged perceptibly. He is a servant of caste, but he never lets work interfere with his caste. When he came to me he was a man of family, but at the rate which his family has been depleted I doubt if he has left more than enough children to last out a week. You will find him especially good at getting your shirt studs in backward and at pulling off the tips of your shoestrings."

Thumb, who made pretense of being an English scholar, read the recommendation carefully, but his mastery of words was such that he could not quite follow the meaning.

"Thank you, sahib, thank you," he said, too proud to admit that it was not clear to him. "It will be of great help to me."

"And to the other fellow, too," I said as he salaamed and passed out of my life.—Homer Croy in Leslie's.

Where Women Choose Husbands.

The Tuareg, found over a large area in Northern Africa, are nomads who live principally by means of, and on, camels.

Tuareg women are as free as women in Britain. They go about unveiled, while the men are always veiled. The women choose their own husbands and teach the children to read and write. They can own property, even after marriage, and their husbands have no control over it. Caste and authority are inherited through the mothers.

Swallow's Record Flight.

A sea swallow, ringed in Northumberland, England, early in 1919, is reported to have been captured at Cape Town, South Africa.

Mr. H. F. Witherby, the ornithologist, and the moving spirit in the British bird-marking scheme, stated recently that more than 18,000 birds were ringed in 1924, while more than 150,000 birds have been so marked since 1909.

One of the most remarkable cases of migration was the crossing of the Atlantic by a kittiwake gull, which was ringed in the Farne Islands in 1923, and was afterwards shot in Newfoundland in 1924.

Swallows have the longest range of flight, and in several cases ringed birds have been found in South Africa. Teal and mallard come next.

Lighting of London's Streets.

The streets of London were first lighted with oil lamps in 1681, and with gas lamps in 1814. In 1784 a Frenchman named Aime Argand, invented the lamp which bears his name—an oil-burner with the wick held in circular form by a tube.

First Polo Match.

Polo was unknown in England before 1869, when a match was improvised by some cavalry officers at Aldershot.

SCHOOL FOR BRIDES.

University Course to Fit Women for Marriage.

When Miss Audrey Ware, of Brookline, U.S.A., married Mr. F. G. Woolf, of the Ohio State University, she was the world's first certified bride.

The United States, the home of efficiency methods, is the first country in which a special university course is available for women who desire to fit themselves for marriage. The huge number of divorces in that country every year points, they say, to inefficiency in marriage; the Boston University's scientific marriage course is an attempt to deal with this problem.

Miss Ware was one of the first to take the course, the idea of which was conceived by Prof. J. Lawrence Davis, Dean of the College for Women at Boston University. He chose an authority on matters matrimonial, Mrs. Elizabeth Macdonald, to fill the post of Instructor in Matrimony at the University.

The course covers such subjects as the choice of a husband, the apportionment of income, reasons for marriage failures, and so on. Some of the questions set as tests are real-life problems which demand considerable psychological knowledge. One, for example, has reference to the attitude which should be adopted by a wife who has been informed by a reliable friend that her husband has been seen dining with his pretty secretary!

Nothing on quite the same lines has previously been attempted, even in the United States. Girls have had domestic economy courses, have learned to cook well, and have been instructed in the care of children, but this, so Prof. Davis thinks, has proved insufficient. The great central problem has not been solved, the divorce courts have become even more crowded, and among the divorcees have been graduates of the "home-making" schools. In 1923 there were over 165,000 divorces granted in America, and it is believed that the total for 1924—the figures are not yet available—will be even larger.

How to win a man, how to hold him, how to prepare for success in marriage just as one does for a professional career—this is the idea in the mind of the university authorities.

A Four-Years' Loaf.

"Papa," said the small son, "what do they mean by college-bred? Is it different from any other kind of bread?"

"My son," said the father, "it is a four-years' loaf."

Stop His Bad Weighs.

"I told the grocer that unless he gave up drinking he'd lose all his business.

"That was a gentle hint for him to stop his bad weighs."

WATCH YOUR TIRES.

No Matter How Good They May Be This Caution Is Necessary.

Many a car is sold on the representation that "the Blankmobile will run from 7,000 to 10,000 miles on a set of tires," and the motorist thus gleans the opinion that his tires need no attention for that length of time.

But no car dealer's statement or tire maker's guarantee can influence good or bad luck, and it is largely the work of the latter that places the bit of broken glass, the sharp stone or the protruding nail directly in the path of the unwary tire. Such an obstacle will not necessarily penetrate the tire—the chances are that it will not—but a cut will be formed in the outer layer of rubber or tread, which, like an infected wound, will eventually spread and "inflame" the entire surface.

A few moments spent in examining, cleaning and plugging the cut or hole will add thousands of miles to the life of the tire. The inexperienced motorist can form no conception of the readiness with which mud, sand and water can enter the slight opening in the surface of the tire and by gradually working its way "under the skin" will tend to separate the tread from the outer layer of canvas.

In a few hundred or thousand miles this tread will be hanging in flapping shreds, worth no more than so much old rubber, and in order to be reclaimed the tire must be retreaded or used in connection with one of the several detachable treads on the market.—H. W. Slauson, M. E., in Leslie's.

THE DEAD SEA.

Some Interesting Facts About This Curious Body of Water.

For a number of years many persons have declared the Dead sea, in Palestine, is diminishing, but a recent careful survey by experts has established beyond all doubt that the sea is steadily increasing.

At many points on its southern and eastern borders there are vast forests with large trees becoming submerged.

The sea is about forty miles in length and ten miles wide at the broadest portion. Should it continue to enlarge it will take in valuable country, but, so far as known, there is no way to prevent this.

Mediterranean waters are 1,300 feet higher than the Dead sea level, but this is no proof the waters of the Dead sea are drying up.

A survey of the wonderful region of years ago showed islands that are now gone. It is declared these are covered.

There is so much solid matter in the water that it makes about one-fifth, or 20 per cent, of the matter solid. It is so intensely salt and bitter that no creature can live in it.

The bed of the sea is rich with mineral deposits. Salts, copper, lead and zinc and marble are found in vast quantities, and experts are of the opinion there is a great deposit of petroleum beneath the vast body of water.

A man's body is lighter than the amount of water it displaces, and it is therefore impossible for a person to sink.

Vegetation is scarce and greatly stunted for miles about the sea.

When a Dog Chokes.

Dogs frequently choke. A bone, a nail or a piece of tin gets in the throat, and there is great danger of death before the arrival of the surgeon. Many of them do die, but there is no reason for this, for it is easy, without the slightest danger of getting bitten, to put the hand in the mouth of a dog and to draw out or push down the obstruction that is choking it. A bandage—a handkerchief or towel will do—is passed between the teeth and over the upper jaw, and in a similar way another bandage is passed between the teeth and over the under jaw. One person, holding the ends of these two bandages, keeps the dog's mouth wide open. A second person can then with perfect ease and safety put his fingers down the animal's throat and relieve it.

The Holland Primrose.

There is a plant in Holland known as the evening primrose, which grows to a height of five or six feet and bears a profusion of large yellow flowers, so brilliant that they attract immediate attention, even at a great distance, but the chief peculiarity about the plant is the fact that the flowers, which open just before sunset, burst into bloom so suddenly that they give one the impression of some magical agency. A man who has seen this sudden blooming says it is just as if some one had touched the land with a wand and thus covered it all at once with a golden sheet.

Not Good For the Gander.

The following sign is displayed in a certain bathhouse:

"This Place Is Closed at 1 p. m. Sunday So We Can Go Home and Take Our Baths."

Which is very similar to the note a traveling man found on the door of a lunchroom in a small town:

"Gone Home to Dinner."

ARTFUL PHILATELIC FRAUDS.

Transforming a Common Stamp Into a Rare Variety.

Nowadays stamps are not often forged in their entirety. A better game—that is to say, one offering greater chances of success—is to transform a common stamp into a rare variety by some dexterous alteration of the design or inscription.

This form of fakery was first perfected by a clever chemist, a Londoner with a German name, who changed the common penny black English stamp of 1840—worth from 4d. to 6d. a specimen—into the scarce "V.R." variety of the same date—worth at that time about £19—by expunging the Maltese crosses from the upper angles of the design and substituting the all-important letters, "V.R." It was a rare feat, and the faker hoped to reap a rich reward. He did—he was sent to penal servitude for three years!

In earlier days the stamp-faker worked with a small hand-press and other crude appliances, in some attic or cellar, and his primitive efforts presented no great danger to the well-informed collector. Now he employs modern methods; he calls science to his aid, and although his productions are invariably detected when submitted to experts' tests, he sometimes enjoys a temporary success, which encourages him to try again.

The system of grafting one piece of stamp on to another is responsible for much cunning fakery, though at the same time it is quite fairly and properly employed in repairing damaged specimens of scarce stamps. In Paris, the centre of the stamp-mending art, there are "postage-stamp hospitals," where a torn specimen, or one with a corner missing, can be so cleverly "restored" that even when held up to the strongest light no trace of the repair can be detected.

The fact that in one or two instances stamps were officially issued with the centre inverted has also been seized upon to help make the stamp-faker's trade profitable. In 1854 the British East India Company issued, in error, several copies of its 4 annas stamp with the head of Queen Victoria inverted.

Again, in 1869, the United States printed a number of stamps with inverted centres. Genuine specimens are now worth $90, $100, and $400 respectively. Needless to say, many of these have been imitated by the stamp-faker.

Now, very frequently a stamp's rarity depends on its particular variety of perforation. This, again, is the faker's opportunity. He will quite readily clip off the existing perforation and supply a rare gauge, matching the paper perfectly. But the operation is one that will not deceive an expert, and, of course, in all cases where fraudulent "grafting" is suspected, immersion in boiling water is an unfailing test, but at the same time a somewhat desperate one, since, if the stamp proves to be genuine in all respects, it will not have been improved by its "hot bath."

There is a class of stamp, much prized by collectors, known as "postal fiscals"—that is to say, revenue stamps made available for postage, generally during some temporary shortage of postage stamps proper. Such stamps, to be of any value to the philatelist, must, of course, be in used condition, since without the post-mark they are revenue stamps pure and simple. Here the faker steps in again to "assist" the collector to the best of his ability.

He secures quantities of these revenue stamps with ordinary revenue cancellations, applied by pen and ink or rubber stamp in banks and other mercantile offices. Cleaning away all traces of these, the faker substitutes forged post-marks.

The cleaning process, unfortunately for him, is generally betrayed by some slight discoloration or a wearing away of some portion of the stamp proper. Also, there is pretty sure to be some discrepancy in the form or size of the "post mark."

Who Invented Cards?

The playing cards we now use were invented in the fourteenth century by a French painter named Jaques Gringonneur. It is said that he invented them to amuse the mad King Charles VI. of France.

The kings were David, Alexander, Cæsar, and Charles; the queens were Argine, Esther, Judith, and Pallas; the four knights, now called knaves, and vulgarly "Jacks," were Ogier the Dane, Lancelot, La Hire, and Hector de Garland, knights of old romance.

The Cardmakers' Company was incorporated in 1629, and as early as the reign of James I. cards were taxed. Probably the first game played in England was called "Trump." All the most important historical events have been at one time or another depicted on playing cards, and some of the packs are very rare and valuable.

Mechanical Eyes.

Even the human eye seems to be going out of fashion nowadays. In the tobacco industry a "mechanical eye," which can detect no fewer than thirty shades of one color, is being used for grading cigars.

This apparatus, which is known as a "photo-electric" eye, takes the form of a small camera containing a highly sensitive electrical apparatus. A mechanical device, operated by the current, sorts out objects placed beneath the shutter according to the amount of light they reflect.

For tobacco trade purposes the machine is adapted to detect thirty shades of brown. By this means cigars are swiftly and correctly divided into thirty different grades.

Pa's Son-in-Law



WILSON'S - HARDWARE

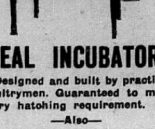


IDEAL INCUBATORS

Designed and built by practical Poultrymen. Guaranteed to meet every hatching requirement.

—Also—

Coal burning Colony Brooders, automatic heat control.



D. B. WILSON

'Phone 138.



The best investment I ever made

That's what everyone says who uses a Buckeye Incubator. The big hatches, the fine husky, wonderful chicks, the absolute certainty of always getting a good hatch, make it a *real investment*, safe and profitable—instead of a gamble.

Buy a Buckeye—the incubator that is fully guaranteed by the world's largest manufacturer and used by more than 700,000 prosperous poultry raisers. Come in and see these wonderful machines — 65 to 600-egg capacity.

THE M. B. MILLS CO.

Agents,

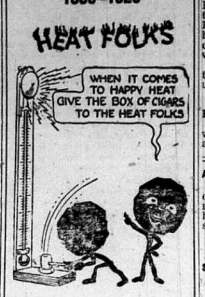
NAPANEE, - ONT.

HATCH EVERY HATCHABLE EGG

VanLuven

1865-1926

HEAT FOLKS



MEN ! Step up and place your bets on the Heat Folks. If you want to win the main heat next winter, order this thoroughbred coal now. Here is coal that starts from scratch and wins in a walk. You have an inside bet and can win by odds if you stable the Heat Folks in your cellar now. Here is a sure tip : Order now our Solvay Coke and Barnside (smokeless) Pocohontas.

Call the *HEAT FOLKS* for good, clean coal

VanLuven

Phone 92 Napanee

On Wednesday, March 10th, at 12 o'clock sharp, S. W. Clark will sell by public auction for Chas. McGreer, 2 miles west of Napanee on the Provincial Highway, 5 horses, 2 colts, 7 registered Holstein cows, 3 registered Holstein yearlings, 1 registered Holstein bull, 8 grade Holstein cows, 2 grade yearlings, 2 grade Durham cows, cream separator, root pulper, potato digger, 2 cutters, 2 buggies, democrat, sleighs, harrow, seeder, mower, binder, cultivator, rake, wagon, disc, plough, harness, etc., also a quantity of surplus household effects. Usual terms. 13-bp

Leaving Napanee

On May 1st

SPECIAL BARGAIN SALE UNTIL WE CLOSE

Commencing

March 13th

MEN'S WEAR

25 Men's Suits, reg. from $12 to $30.....Sale Price $8 to $20
Men's Mackinaws.....Reg. $10 for $5 ; Reg. $6 for $3
Men's Overalls and Smocks.....From 95c. up
Men's Working Pants and Dress Pants.....From $1.00 up
Men's Caps.....From 35c. up
Men's Sweaters.....From 75c. up
Men's Sweater Coats.....$1.15 up
Men's Wool Combination..Reg.$3 for $1.75 ; $2.50 for $1.45
Men's Fleece Lined Combinations.....Reg. $2.00 for $1.25
Men's Fleece Lined single Underwear....Reg. $1.00 for 65c.
Wool single.....Reg. $1.50 for $1.15 ; $1.25 for 85c.
Men's Combination Overall, heavy weight..Reg. $4 for $2.69 ; Reg. $2.50 for $1.59
Men's Wool Socks.....5 pr. for 95c.
Men's Fine Shirts.....From 75c. up
Men's Neckties.....From 15c. up
Men's Scarfs—silk and wool.....Half Price
Men's Linen Collars.....3 for 25c.
Men's Rubber Collars.....2 for 25c.

Hair Nets, Princess Pats.....4 for 25c.
Hair Nets.....4 for 5c.
Scotch Fingering Yarn.....Reg. $1.50 lb. for $1.15 lb.

LADIES' WEAR

Ladies' Skirts, Reg. $3.00 to $6.00.....Sale Price for $1 up
Ladies' White Top Skirts.....Reg. $2.00 for 39c. up.
Ladies' silk and wool Vests and Bloomers...Reg. $1 for 59c.
Ladies' Union Vests and Drawers.....Reg. 75c. for 45c.
Ladies' Black Drawers.....Reg. 50c. for 25c. each
Ladies' Sweaters.....Reg. $2.00 for 75c.
Ladies' Sweater Coats, Reg. $2.00 up.....Sale Price $1.00 up
Ladies' Wool Gloves.....From 10c. up

BIG SPECIAL

Ladies' Silk Waists.....From 50c. up
Ladies' Middy Reg. $1.00 up.....Sale Price 50c.
Ladies' House Dresses.....From 75c. up
Ladies' Allover Aprons.....65c.
Children's Dresses.....From 25c. up
Ladies' White Waists (old style).....25c. each

ONE BIG SPECIAL

Large Size Blanket, 12 x 4.....$2.20 pr.
Table Linen, 56-in. wide.....55c. yd.
Children's Toque and Scarf.....From 5c. up
Agate Pot with lid.....25c. each

Many other special prices too numerous to mention.

This will be my last sale. Leaving Napanee the last day of April

House furnishings also to be sold.

A practically new baby carriage to go at a very low price. Terms.

All outstanding accounts must be paid at once or we will have to place same with our Solicitors for collection.

M. MAKER

NAPANEE

GRACE UNITED CHURCH

A. J. TERRILL, B.A., B.D., Pastor.

Public Worship at 10.30 a.m. will be conducted by the Pastor. At 7.00 Miss Frances Nickawa, the great Cree Indian elocutionist, will give selections from Ben Hur, the famous life of Christ, the writing of which made Gen. Lew Wallace a christian. This book is now being screened at a cost of $4000,000. Miss Nickawa will sing.

She will also give a great entertainment at 8 p.m., on Monday, under W. M. S. auspices.

9.30—Class meeting.

11.45 — Sunday School and Bible Classes.

Wednesday, 7.30 p. m.—Mid-week Prayer and Praise service and S. S. Lesson.

Alberta Coal.

Napanee's first chance to try out this Canadian Coal. Shipment just received from Drumheller, Alberta. Samples may be seen and orders left at the

WILSON'S COAL OFFICE.

Supreme Court Sets Judgment Aside.

A motion in the case of Fairfield vs. Midmer came up at the Master's Chambers at Osgoode Hall, Toronto, on Wednesday, February 24th, when W. Lawr, acting on instructions from Day & Revelle, of Kingston, for defendants, moved to set aside default judgment in foreclosure action ; A. B. Cunningham, K.C., for plaintiffs. Order made setting aside judgments and referring matter to Local Master at Kingston to take accounts.

Successful Entertainment.

St. Andrew's Helpers of the Presbyterian church are to be congratulated on the success of their entertainment held in the Sunday school hall last Friday evening. Mrs. Katherine Powell is an elocutionist who possesses a charming personality and her selections were thoroughly enjoyed by the large audience present. Mr. De Verde Powell kindly contributed a couple of numbers which were most enthusiastically received. Mrs. Powell's reception was so cordial that in response to many requests the society is arranging for a return visit at an early date. Thanks also are due to Miss Lenore Wood Mr. Fleming, Miss Floyd and Mrs. Ravensdale for musical numbers which greatly added to the success of the evening—Cobourg Sentinel-Star, March 4th.

Insurance!

Protects you from loss by fire at a small expense.

We have been in the insurance business for years and can give you good service.

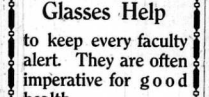
Agents for all classes of Insurance.

Consult

HARSHAW & SON

Fire, Life, Accident and Auto Insurance

NAPANEE, ONT.



Glasses Help

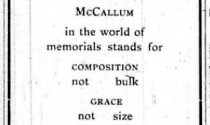
to keep every faculty alert. They are often imperative for good health.

For perfect sight, with comfort, consult

DR. L. LEWIS

Optometrist

Next to Hydro Office



The name McCALLUM in the world of memorials stands for

COMPOSITION not bulk

GRACE not size

CRAFTSMANSHIP not price

Illustrations on request.

The McCallum Granite Co., Limited

395-397 Princess Street, Kingston, Ont.

Telephone 1931.

CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER

(Presbyterian)

DESERONTO, ONT.

Minister :

Rev. H. G. Richardson, B.A.

Hours of Sunday services—11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

Seats free.

All are cordially invited.

BAY CIRCUIT

Rev. R. J. Merriam, Pastor

Anderson Church — Sunday School 10 a.m., Public Worship, 11 a.m.

Sand Hill Church : Public worship 2.30 p.m.

Gretna Church : Public worship 7.30 p.m.

Ladies' Aid social evening at Parsonage Wednesday evening, 8 p.m. Come and help to have a good time.

S. MARY MAGDALENE CHURCH

Services of S. Mary Magdalene Church :

Rev. J. H. H. Coleman, M. A., Vicar.

8.00—Holy Communion.
10.30—Morning Prayer.
12.00—Sunday School.
7.00—Evening prayer.

Sermon on "The Four in the Fire."

Daily Lenten services at 8.30 a.m. and (except Wednesday) at 5 p.m. Wednesday, 7.30 p.m. evening prayer and sermon.

Finnigan's Fortune.

If you want a good laugh be sure and see this three Act play to be given in St. Patrick's Parish Hall, on March 17th., 8 p.m. Admission 50c. 15-b

Spring Painting !

Martin Senour 100% pure paints. A full line always in stock. Hundreds of satisfied customers are the best testimony of its quality.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

Joseph Roadley.

The death of Joseph Roadley, aged eighty-four, occurred at his late residence, 288 Frontenac street, Kingston, on Friday. The deceased is survived by his wife and one brother, Daniel R. Roadley, of Birmingham, England. The funeral took place on Monday afternoon from his late residence to Cataraqui cemetery, Rev. W. C. Kidd officiating. Mr. Roadley was a former resident of Napanee, having lived for a number of years on Mill street.

Two Day Poultry Course.

A special Poultry Course will be held in the Agricultural Class Room on Thursday and Friday, March 11th and 12th. T. A. Benson, Dominion Poultry Representative and E. S. Snyder, Poultry Department, O.A.C., will be the instructors. Lectures begin at 10 a.m. and 1.30 p.m. each day. The programme includes outlook ; Poultry Raising, Breeding, Marketing and Egg Regulations, Incubation and Brooding, Winter Feeding, Fattening Fowl for Market, Housing and Diseases, Co-operative Marketing, Culling and Killing Demonstrations. Everyone interested in poultry is invited to attend this course.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 17

The Ladies' Aid Society of St. Andrew's Church, invite you to a supper on St. Patrick's Day at six o'clock, at which Hot Irish Stew will be served, followed by a splendid program of Irish numbers by popular local talent.

Tickets 50c.

15-b

Cow Testing—Meeting Saturday.

With a view to improvement of dairy herds throughout the Province, the Ontario Department of Agriculture is providing a Cow Testing Service whereby any farmer who will weigh and sample the milk from each cow three times monthly, and forward samples to the local testing station once a month will be provided with a record of production for each cow in the herd. This information will be of great value in weeding out the cows that do not pay. A production certificate will be issued to any grade or purebred cow that reaches a satisfactory standard of production of milk and butterfat in 12 consecutive months. Every farmer interested in cow testing is invited to attend a meeting in the Agricultural Office at 2 p.m., Saturday, March 13th. It is hoped that a large number of herds will be enrolled to begin testing April 1st. Anyone who cannt be at the meeting should write for information to J. Laughland, Agricultural Representative, Napanee.

McMullen Kidd Wedding.

On Tuesday morning, February 16th, at the Church of the Assumption, Erinsville, Miss Teresa Kidd, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Kidd, became the bride of Mr. Thomas McMullen, of Tamworth. Miss Marie Kidd, sister of the bride, acted as bridesmaid, and Charles McMullen, brother of the groom, acted as best man. Following the ceremony, which was performed by Rev. Father O'Hanlin, the happy couple, together with intimate friends, repaired to the home of the bride, where a sumptuous wedding breakfast was served. The bridal gown was of a light rosewood satin with gold trimmings, coat and picture hat to match. The bridesmaid wore a becoming costume of green and blue cut velvet. The groom's gift to the bride was a pearl rosary, to the bridesmaid a string of pearls, and to the groomsman a set of gold cuff links. A reception was held at night of their friends and neighbors, after which the bride and groom left for their home near Tamworth, where the groom is a prosperous young blacksmith.

TRINITY UNITED CHURCH

Rev. W. R. Tanton, Pastor.

10.30—Morning worship.

11.45 Church School and Bible Classes.

7.00—Evening worship.

Monday, 7.30—Church School Young People's Section.

Wednesday, 7.30 — Mid-week session of the Church School. (Adult Section).

A Surprising Figure.

Old country people express surprise at the extent to which Canadians rely upon the telephone. At that, they usually are thinking in terms of purely local service. They would be astonished to hear that in Ontario and Quebec alone the average daily use of the Long Distance telephone in 1925 was 46,727 messages. These remarkable figures are found in the Bell Telephone Company's Annual Report. They indicate the present-day demand for quick communication regardless of distance.

Election of Officers.

At a regular meeting of the U. E. L. Chapter, I.O.D.E., held in their rooms on Feb. 1st, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year :

Regent—Mrs. Harshaw.

1st Vice Regent—Mrs. J. E. Robinson.

2nd Vice Regent—Mrs. Symington.

Rec. Sec'y—Mrs. O. S. Reddick.

Corresponding Sec'y—Mrs. K. Powell.

Educational Sec'y—Mrs. W. J. Trenouth.

Echoes Sec'y—Mrs. T. V. Anderson.

Standard Bearer—Miss Jean Light.

Treasurer—Miss Edna Richardson.

Councillors—Mesdames Corkett, U. M. Wilson, Metcalf, Detlor, Laughlin, Wood, Deroche and Pollard.

Thos. Gale, a former resident of Napanee on the staff of the Merchant's Bank, died last week in Sudbury.

The publishers of the British Whig, Kingston, have announced the discontinuance of their semi-weekly edition, and will confine their activities to the daily field.

Hon. James Lyons, Minister of Lands and Forests in the Ontario Legislature, has resigned and Premier Ferguson has taken over the portfolio.

William H. Gilbert, driver of the car which crashed into a telephone pole near Trenton, resulting in the death of Harold Naylor, was arrested in Belleville Hospital, charged with manslaughter.

"The Lord is not slack concerning His promise, but is long suffering to us ward," II. Peter 3-9 ; "Unto you therefore which believe He is precious," I. Pet. 2-7; "Whom having not seen ye love ; in whom though now ye see Him not, yet believing ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory," I. Pet. 1-8; "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of light," Jas. 1-7.

Singing for Jesus, our Life and our Light ;
Singing for Him as we press to the mark,
Singing for Him when the morning is bright,
Singing, still singing, for Him in the dark.

A BIBLE LOVER.

ODESSA

A social event was held in the town hall Thursday night, Feb. 25th, the closing of the Agricultural and Domestic Classes. Delicious refreshments were served by the ladies and a large crowd, consisting of all who attended the classes and their friends spent the time very enjoyably with dancing, music and cards. To each of the instructors of the Agricultural class, the young men presented handsome watch chains and the lady, Miss Cook, in charge of the Domestic Science class, was presented by the ladies with a set of silver.

B. L. King, who was in the Hotel Dieu Hospital, Kingston, for two weeks, has returned home, greatly improved.

Miss Georgie Ettinger, Kingston, spent last week-end the guest of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Smith.

Fred Rutledge, Sydenham, was a recent caller at B. L. King's.

Miss Fern Sproule is visiting relatives in Syracuse, N.Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Willis have gone to Syracuse, N.Y., where they will make their home for the future.

Miss Geraldine Fraser spent last week-end with Miss L. Aylsworth, Napanee.

Mrs. H. J. Smith spent a few days recently with her mother Mrs. Watts, and sisters, Mrs. Etter and Mrs. Jenkins, Kingston.

Mr. and Mrs. James Shannon are moving to their farm recently purchased from Stanley Peters, Thorpe.

Mr. and Mrs. Melville Lee are moving to the William Gordon farm.

Last Tuesday night the Wilton Dramatic Club presented "The Road to the City," a comedy drama in four acts, in the town hall, under the auspices of the United Church. The large hall was fairly well filled and the Wilton five-piece orchestra delighted the audience with choice selections between each act. It was considered a decided success financially and otherwise.

Odd North English Dialect.

A strange set of numerals was used by the older generation of farmers in one of our northern dales, especially for counting sheep, and the procedure was as follows:

A gap was made in the wall just wide enough to admit one sheep at a time, and as the sheep were driven through the farmer counted them, making a notch in his stick at every fifteen.

Phonetically the numerals sound like yan, tain, tether, mether, pip, sat, sane, catterrer, wheeler, dick, yann-er-dick, tane-er-dick, teth-er-dick, mether-dick, boomfit."

"Boomfit" was fifteen, and so a notch was made in the stick, and the strange chant began all over again.—London Chronicle.

ASSURANCE

THOSE who employ us have the assurance that they will receive the highest degree of service and satisfaction. We are equipped to handle a commission in a thorough manner. Our services are dependable and polite.

MASTERS TIERNEY UNDERTAKERS
FULL STOCK EQUIPMENT
WALLPAPERS WINDOW SHADES

Sugar Making Supplies !

Sap buckets, spoils, tapping bits, syrup cans.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

Pedlar Roofing.

If you are thinking of roofing, use our council Standard Corrugated Iron, Oshawa or George shingle. They give good results. For free estimate 'phone 115 r-2.

ROSS L. CARD,

14-h-p R. R. No. 3, Napanee.

WONDERLAND

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY

The big surprise drama, "THE SCARLET SAINT," with Lloyd Hughes and Mary Astor. Sensations, surprises. Don't miss it. Also a funny two reel comedy And other reels.

FRIDAY and SATURDAY

Wm. Fox presents "THE WINDING STAIRS," from the novel. The heroic coward's battle for love.

Also a 2-reel Western.

And a good comedy.

MONDAY and TUESDAY

Universal Jewell presents "THE LADY OF QUALITY," with Milton Sills and Virginia Valli, an 8-reel special.

Also a special Comedy.

Wednesday night only, Normile's 5-piece Orchestra.

GEO. TUSTIN, Prop

Napanee's Leading Theatre

The Home of Good Photo Plays.

Hyacinth Bulbs.

Large bulbs, mixed colors. We are clearing out the balance of our stock at 5c. each. Plant now for Easter bloom.

GEO. E. WINTER.

GET IT AT WALLACE'S

NEW - YORK - CAFE

Next Robinson Co.

The Old Reliable Restaurant

Re-modelled and Re-decorated

Giving High-Class Service and Good Meals to our Patrons

On and after March 15th we will serve Dinners or Suppers for from

40 Cents

with varied and attractive Menus

Dinner : 11.30 to 2 p.m. Supper : 5 to 8 p.m.

A la carte service at all hours.

Spring is Just Around the Corner.

We take great pleasure in announcing the arrival of our

SPRING HATS

Our Spring Millinery is exclusive, and we are showing the season's most chic and up-to-date models in

Silks, Straws, and Georgian Ribbon and Straw Combinations

in Misses', Matron's and Children's Hats.

We invite you to call on us.

LILLE'S GREY SHOPPE

West of Campbell House

NOTICE

Wm. Howitt is carrying a large stock of

Choice Floral Designs

For Funerals

See the display in the window at the Marble Works.

Wreaths or Sprays at any price you wish.

Phone calls promptly attended to.

Howitt's, Napanee

Phone 174.



Proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for

Colds Headache Neuralgia Lumbago
Pain Toothache Neuritis Rheumatism

DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART

Safe — Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions. Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid (Acetyl Salicylic Acid, "A. S. A."). While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

"IT AIN'T GONNA RAIN NO MO'."

One of the Outstanding Romances of the Song Publishing World.

Just how the popular "It Ain't Gonna Rain No Mo'," or simply "Rain," as the composer called it, jumped into favor, is one of the outstanding romances of the song publishing world.

The story is told as follows by Mr. Wendell Hall, the author:

"I wrote it some little time before I sang it to an audience. Then one night as I was going a turn at one of the big wireless stations, I thought I would give it a try-out, just to see how it would go.

"Hardly had the last words left my lips than telephone bells began ringing in all parts of the building at the behest of listeners who wanted the song again as an encore, while telegrams came in by the score!

"That night I sang the song nearly a dozen times in succession, so clamorous were the demands for it. Since then I have repeated it at least twenty thousand times, until now the very word rain makes me want to scream.

"In fact, it was suggested by some superstitious people in one state that I should be prohibited by law from singing the song again, for fear of bringing about a drought. They must have thought the song would mesmerize the Clerk of the Weather!"

Mr. Hall, who has written other song successes, among them "Carolina Rose" and "Underneath the Mellow Moon," is not in the least perturbed by the fact that he has been charged with not being the composer of "It Ain't Gonna Rain No Mo'."

"I first heard it when I was a youngster," he said. "I lived in Florida, where I heard the darkies sing it, though in my version I have used only one or two of the original lyrics; the rest are entirely my own composition. The verse about the 'little flea' which 'gets there just the same' is taken from the earlier version; the Negroes were particularly fond of those lines.

"Someone wrote the other day to say that he has had in his possession for thirty years or more a book called 'Universal College Songs and Glees,' in which there is a song called 'Jawbone; or Ain't Gwine to Rain No Mo'," written by one Lew Dockstader, a famous minstrel.

"Personally, I have never heard of this version, or, indeed, of this collection at all. As a matter of fact, I very much incline to the belief that the original was written by Stephen Collins Foster, who composed 'Old Folks at Home,' 'Old Kentucky Home,' 'Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground,' and other noted Negro melodies; it is certainly his style of song.

"Anyway," said Mr. Hall with a smile, "I'm not jealous. I'm the man who made the money out of 'It Ain't Gonna Rain No Mo'!"

HE KNEW THE TURK.

So He Boldly Proceeded to Take the Law Into His Own Hands.

In his book, "Forty Years in Constantinople," Sir Edwin Pears tells the following story to illustrate the Turk's attitude toward foreigners:

I knew the Englishman of whom the story was told, and I persuaded him one day to give me his own version. He sued a man in the chief Turkish court that has jurisdiction over cases between Europeans and Turkish subjects. When the Turkish defendant came to tell his tale he spoke of the Englishman as a giaour, or infidel. The Englishman objected. Although the judges knew perfectly well that it is contrary to Turkish law to use such an epithet, they did not interfere, whereupon the Englishman said, "If you call me a giaour again I shall take the law into my own hands."

The Turk at once replied, "Well, you are a giaour."

The Englishman stepped across the floor three or four paces and gave the Turk a blow on the nose that startled him and the court. As the blood flowed freely, there was a great hubbub, and orders were given to arrest the Englishman. He was a big, powerful fellow, and instantly he smashed the stool on which he was seated and cried out that he would brain the first man who laid hands upon him.

Allschan, the dragoman who first told me the story, said that every one looked to see what the Englishman, and he, Allschan, was asked by the president to tell the aggressor that if he would apologize there would be an end of the matter.

"Apologize!" said the Englishman. "Not a bit of it. He insulted me, and I let him have it."

Allschan went back to the president and said, "This is the kind of an Englishman who won't stand an insult, and I can do nothing with him."

Thereupon the court ordered the proceedings to go on as if nothing had happened.

A Rousing Welcome.

"Anyhow," said the small man with the big set of books, over which he figured from early to late, "anyhow, there is one faithful friend at home that never fails to give me a rousing welcome."

"What friend is that?" asked the fulltime clerk, pausing to eat a sandwich while the boss wasn't looking.

"My old alarm clock," replied the small man dreamily.

Shadows of History.

"William the Conqueror," read the small boy from his history, "landed in England in 1066 A. D."

"What does 'A. D.' stand for?" inquired the teacher.

The small boy pondered.

"I don't exactly know," he said. "Maybe it's after dark."

Insert Letter "E."

"So you were invited to participate in a profit sharing scheme?"

"Yes."

"How did you come out?"

"I discovered that the purpose of the scheme was not sharing, but shearing."

Brick

Special Prices to clear out the yard.

W. H. J. HAINES
TAMWORTH, - ONTARIO
24-tf

ONTARIO BUSINESS COLLEGE
LIMITED
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO
(58TH YEAR)

Qualifies students to succeed as Bookkeepers, Accountants, Stenographers, Typists and Private Secretaries; also for Civil Service examinations. The Belleville O. B. C. holds the highest reputation for thoroughness, efficiency and reliability. Write for free illustrated catalogue.

I. L. MOORE, Principal.
jan-23

Feed Grinding

On Saturday, Oct. 11th

we opened the well-known

WATER POWER MILLS AT MILLHAVEN

for Custom Grinding.

M. R. MIDMER.

THE U.S. AS A NEIGHBOR

ANNEXATION IS NO LONGER A POLITICAL TOPIC.

Prof. Falconer's Book Deals With "The United States as a Neighbor From a Canadian Point of View"—Canada an Interpreter.

Sir Robert Falconer, President of the University of Toronto, in his book "The United States as a Neighbor From a Canadian Point of View" handles his subject with a skill and discernment which deserves the highest praise. His book is based upon a series of lectures delivered on the Sir George Watson foundation for American History and Institutions. The purpose of the Sir George Watson chair of American History and Institutions is to promote good relations between the two branches of the English-speaking world by the annual delivery of lectures on American history in British universities.

Sir Robert writes as he feels and is not less sympathetic when he points to a flaw, an omission or a danger than when he is praising. While showing how Canada does better in certain respects in higher education, he finds his own people useful lessons from American practice. In a word, the volume is inspired by the true international spirit—that best of all transatlantic antiseptics in the sphere of social culture.

Sir Robert sets his scene with a rare ability. After showing the common elements in the populations of both countries and dealing with their respective geographical "lay-out," he shows how progressively friendly has been the intercourse on both sides of the boundary.

The desire to annex Canada, which once played a large part in American aspirations, has entirely died out. No responsible person in the United thinks of it being "the manifest destiny" of the United States to swallow the Dominion. It is true that in times of depression pessimistic Canadians will tell English visitors that it will be impossible for Canada to resist much longer the absorption that must be her ultimate doom. The automatic suction, one is assured, is no power to say irresistible.

That is a pure delusion. As well might one say that Holland is certain to be absorbed by Germany, Belgium by France, or Switzerland partitioned by its mighty and encircling neighbors. As long as Canada wishes to remain an independent part of the Imperial British Commonwealth of Nations, as she certainly does wish and will continue to wish, no power to the south of us is capable of breaking that resolve. There are abundant reasons why America, even if it were possible, would not want to force Canada into the Union. In all probability she would oppose annexation, even by a referendum. For America might be willing to welcome the English-speaking and British-bred portions of the Canadian population, but she would as much dislike to admit the 3,000,000 of French-speaking Roman Catholics as they would dislike being admitted. The American heartily dislikes any scheme for making the republic less homogeneous than it is. But annexation would mean the inclusion of a state, or possibly two allen states—states in which the majority of the inhabitants would be foreigners in every particular, whether of language, religion, or political and social culture. The American Constitution is not "a good mixer," as is the looser confederation of nations that constitutes our Empire. The citizens of the Union would almost as soon agree to admit Cuba as a state as "complicate" their politics by placing what they would regard as an alien citadel in their midst.

Interesting as are Sir Robert's comments on Canadian and American relations, and his story of how the peoples of the Dominion and of the Republic have steadily advanced to understanding and respecting each other while not wishing to amalgamate, he is even more useful and more original when he is showing us how like, and yet unlike, are their universities. Holding the balance fairly, he shows the good points of both systems.

Sir Robert ends his fascinating volume by a chapter on "Canada as Interpreter." It would be difficult to exaggerate its value. It is full of political good sense and good feeling. He proves beyond all question how tremendous is the power for good which Canada holds by reason of her neighborhood and the character of the great majority of her people. She is cut out by position and by temperament to be the liaison officer between the United States and the British Empire. She has a hand ready for each. She knows the idiosyncrasies of each branch of the English-speaking race. She is able, owing to her traditions and her history, to sympathize both with the fierce eagerness of the average American and with the almost anxious reticence and coolness of the Briton. Finally, she is deeply concerned as a nation to prevent any outbreak of hostility inside the dual home of Anglo-Saxon culture. Such a strife would be a terrific evil for all of us. For Canada it would be a supreme tragedy. Whichever side prevailed, she must be irretrievably ruined.

Getting His Own Back.

One of the most curious wills on record has just been lodged for probate.

"To my son I leave the pleasure of earning his living," states the testator. "For many years he thought this pleasure was uniquely mine. He made a mistake. To my valet I leave the clothes he has so methodically stolen for several years. To my chauffeur my automobile, which he has completely ruined. I desire to give him the satisfaction of finishing what he has started."

Apparently the maker of the will was a lover of peace. He leaves all his money and property to charity "in order to avoid fighting between my normal heirs."

Gas Lighting Grumbles.

When gas lighting was installed at Frieberg, in Saxony, a century ago, many German papers opposed the innovation with astonishing arguments.

It was said that the lighting up of the night's darkness was a profane interference with the Divine order. Danger to health and morals was predicted, lovers would stay out too long, colds would be caught, horses would shy, burglars would be assisted. The injustice was pointed out of making peaceful all-night sleepers pay for lighting they did not require.

THE OLD, RELIABLE

GILLETT'S Lye

Use Gillett's Lye to MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP and for cleaning and DISINFECTING

Gillett's Lye Protects Your Health and Saves Your Money

COL. BOWIE'S KNIFE.

Was Devised to the Liberation of the State of Texas.

One hundred years ago, in January, 1826, the formidable knife, or dagger, that bears his name was invented by Col. James Bowie of Texas. Though it was through construction of his blade that Bowie attained his greatest fame, much of his active career was devoted to the liberation of what is now the State of Texas from the jurisdiction of Mexico, and it was in that cause that he lost his life.

In 1827 the gallant colonel became involved in a terrible affray which took place near the Town of Natchez. In it he had a dozen men were killed outright, and fifteen wounded, one of the former being rendered horse de combat by the colonel's trusty "bowie." This fearsome weapon had been manufactured by him out of a blacksmith's file, but after his sanguinary experience with it at Natchez he took it to Philadelphia and had it wrought into a more picturesque shape. There took the form of a two-edged knife from ten to fifteen inches in length by more than an inch in width—and it speedily became the essential weapon of all good hunters and desperadoes of the Golden West, "from San Saba's shore to Lavaca's tide."

Texas formally declared herself independent of Mexican rule on Dec. 20, 1835, and many adventurers and soldiers of fortune crossed the frontier from the United States to take part with the Texans in their war of independence. Jim Bowie was there, still armed with his lethal weapon, but the odds were simply overwhelming. Bowie, Bonham, Travis and Crockett were the principal leaders of the devoted handful who faced the Mexican hosts in the tremendous fight of "the Alamo" (a cottonwood) on March 6, 1836, as told in ringing verse by a Texan poetess, Miss S. B. Hale:

"Three days behind those crumbling lines,
Six thousand swarming to the attack;
Though scarce two hundred desperate men,
They fought like more than heroes then,
And drove the invaders back."

It was a war of extermination, for the Mexican dictator, Santa-Anna, gave orders to fly the red flag, denoting no quarter. Bowie was among the first to fall mortally wounded, but the gallant Travis called his remaining comrades around him and drew with his sword-point in the dust a line beyond which there must be no fight or surrender.

In the bloodthirsty sequel, every man was put to the sword. They did not long remain unavenged. The Virginian-born General Sam Houston, who had been nominated commander-in-chief of the Texan forces, at the head of only 750 men gave battle to nearly 2,000 Mexicans under Santa-Anna on April 21, 1836, on the banks of the San Jacinto river. The result was a decisive Mexican defeat, followed by the independence of Texas. Houston was appropriately elected President of the new republic, and his name is immortalized in the capital of Harris County, Texas.

Thus the intrepid Bowie was not permitted to witness the eventual humiliation of Mexico.

EL DORADO.

Lieutenant Pretended He Had Found a Land of Gold.

Some time ago, when the ruins of an Aztec city were discovered in the Amazonian forest, they were popularly supposed to be those of El Dorado, the golden city to which Sir Walter Raleigh and many other adventurers were said to have been lured, some to their death, and a few of fortune, in Elizabethan times, when the wildest stories of the New World found credence.

El Dorado sounds like the fanciful names which the Spaniards and Portuguese gave to the cities they established, such as Buenos Ayres, Santiago, Los Angeles, and so on.

But the fact is that El Dorado is not a city at all, and never was, although it would make a fine-sounding name for some new capital.

The story goes that Orellana, the lieutenant of the great Pizarro, pretended he had discovered a land of gold between the Orinoco and the Amazon, but when these high hopes proved delusive, the ruler was smeared with oil and rolled in gold dust, and dubbed El Dorado, the gilded man. Whether there is any truth in the story is difficult to determine.

Law-Breaking for Reward.

Rigid restrictions and high licenses are not sufficient to prevent men risking their lives in breaking the law, where a large monetary reward is possible. On the American continent, the temptation is the reward of bootlegging; on the continent of Africa it is valuable ivory tusks. Perhaps no class of men follow a more dangerous or thrilling trade than these contrabandists of the jungle, who not only hunt the most dangerous of animals, but are themselves hunted in turn. The Dark Continent has produced few more picturesque figures than the American elephant poacher, Rodgers, who for nearly two decades ranged that vast trackless region between the Soudan and the Zambesi in defiance of the efforts of four European Governments to capture him, his career being brought to an end in the Lado Enclave by the bullets of Belgian askari.

UNITED EMPIRE LOYALIST CHAPTER, I. O. D. E.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT
Feb. 1925-Feb. 1926.

RECEIPTS

Balance brought forward from 1924	$ 168	38
Membership fees	119	00
Birthday party	74	34
Euchre and dance	106	64
Bridge	24	45
Euchre	19	10
Armistice Day tea	104	15
Sundries	8	55
Total Receipts	$ 624	91

DISBURSEMENTS

Fees sent to Provincial Treasurer, Hamilton	$ 58	00
Rent of room	24	00
Two plants	2	50
Birthday party	42	84
Euchre ad dance	81	05
Bridge $1.00; Euchre, $1.90	2	90
Armistice Day tea	36	82
Delegates' expenses to annual Prov. Con	24	10
Historical loan library, picture and flag chart for school in Northern Ontario	13	00
Framing picture and crest	4	00
Flag for school in Northern Ontario	5	00
Prize for highest marks in history at the Entrance exams., Napanee	5	26
Materials for Chapter's room in Sailor's Institute, Halifax	20	80
Redecorating Chapter's room in Sailor's Institute, Halifax	7	00
Silver Anniversary fund	60	00
Beaver Santa Claus fund	10	00
Maintenance of Chapter's French orphan for one year	115	00
Sundries	14	77
Total expenses	$ 527	03
Balance on hand	97	88
	$ 624	91

EDNA G. RICHARDSON,
Treasurer.

Audited and found correct, Feb. 16th, 1926.

IDA L. TRENOUTH.
DORA F. CASEY.

SECRETARY'S ANNUAL REPORT
1925-1926.

During the past year we have lost six members and now have a membership of six life and 70 annual members.

We raised our money this year by donations, dances, teas, food sales and membership fees.

On Nov. 8th, the B. Company, Frontenac Regiment, arranged a Memorial Service, which was held at the monument on the County grounds, in honor of our departed soldiers. Our members attended in a body and placed flowers at the foot of the monument.

On Armistice Day our members served afternoon tea and had the public school children sell a large number of poppies.

Our bursary, Miss Barsham, attended the Provincial Convention at Hamilton and gave us a very comprehensive report.

During the year the our Chapter presented prizes of books to the girl and boy obtaining the highest marks in history at the Entrance examinations.

We presented the picture, "Canada's Tribute" and a flag chart to one school in the West, to another a Historical Loan Library, and a school in New Ontario a flag.

We have furnished supplies for our cot in the Hospital at Halifax and also paid for the room to be redecorated, and have still maintained our French orphan.

Our financial work will be found in the Treasurer's Report.

ANNA WOODS,
Rec. Sec'y.

GET IT AT WALLACE'S

CURIOUS COURTSHIP.

Chinese Girls Allowed No Choice in Picking a Husband.

As soon as the Chinese lady is old enough to be married her father chooses a husband for her. She is never allowed to see him herself. Her father carries on all the courtship for her. The poor Chinaman does not see his girl until the day of the wedding. He does not know whether she is pretty or whether she has a temper.

On the great day the bride is dressed in very gay clothes and placed in a sedan chair, and she is carried toward her husband. A crowd of people go with her, carrying torches which are lighted even if it be a noon wedding.

A band of drums and fifes precedes the chair, and, no matter how hard the bride tried to get away, she could not, as the chair is locked, and an old servant carries the key. The key is then given to the bridegroom, and he is the only one privileged to open it.

When he opens the doors of the sedan chair he lifts the veil the little Chinese lady wears over her face, and if he does not like the face of his future bride he orders the servants to take her back to her father's roof, and he pays the girl a sum of money to make up for the loss of his companionship. But if he thinks he is going to like the little lady he asks her to come in, and the chair is sent back empty. Then there is a grand feast, and the Chinaman is married.

Queer, isn't it? Aren't you glad you live in America and are free to wed whom you love?—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

He Rode.

While walking along a dusty road in Illinois in his circuit days Lincoln was overtaken by a stranger driving to town. "Will you have the goodness to take my overcoat to town for me?" asked Lincoln.

"With pleasure. But how will you get it again?"

"Oh, very readily! I intend to remain in it," was Lincoln's prompt reply.

Cause of His Pessimism.

Orator — On the surface things are often right, but it is when we explore the depths of things that we see the deceptions of our fellow creatures. One of the Crowd — Guv'nor, you've been buying a barrel of apples, haven't you?—London Tit Bits.

F. C. MARTIN & SON
FUNERAL DIRECTORS AND UNDERTAKERS

Parlors and Office :
Dundas St., Napanee

A motor ambulance has been purchased and is available when required, day or night.

Office Telephone No. 74.
Residence Telephone No. 375

F. C. MARTIN & SON.
Successors to Hambly & Ming.
24-6m

VINE'S ELECTRIC SHOP
'Phone 367

Radio and Batteries

Authorized dealers for Freed-Eisemann Radio. These sets can be heard any night by appointment.

Then there is the Bristol Speaker to go with same, which has no equal.

We carry a full line of Radio Batteries, all styles and prices.

We have just installed one of the latest type chargers to look after your car or radio storage battery. Consult us on the Unitron Charger and B Eliminator combined. It will work wonders on your Radio reception.

Get your Radio License from us.

Then if you are about to wire your house, or have any of your wiring equipment altered give us a call, as we carry a complete line of Fixtures, Shades, Heating Appliances, Irons, Toasters, Percolators.

The National line of Electric Ranges, and also the Beach line of Electric Ranges. Let us give you a price on installing that range or water heater now, before the spring rush comes on.

The place to get the right goods at the right price.

Vine's Electric Shop
Market Square. - 'Phone 367
Residence Phone 112-F.

Durant A Real Good Car
AT RIGHT PRICES

In Touring, this with Glass Winter Inclosures, gives Sedan comfort, with less weight and less cost.

All two and four passenger Coupes, and Sedans fully equipped, Floor Heaters, automatic Windshield Wipers, and splendidly upholstered, five Balloon Tires, Front Bumpers, etc., etc.

Your present car taken as part payment. Terms, if you wish.

J. ED. CLARK, At Card's Garage
STAR AND DURANT DEALER

EMPIRE -:- CAFE

Re-decorated ! Re-furnished !

A comfortable eating place for Ladies and Gentlemen

On and after March 15th we will serve Special Dinners or Suppers with a varied Bill of Fare for

40 Cents

Dinner : 11.30 to 2 p.m. Supper : 5 to 8 p.m.

Ice Cream and Soft Drinks served at our Fountain.

EMPIRE CAFE - - Opposite Campbell House

PAUL'S BIG SALE
—OF—
RECONDITIONED CARS
Beginning March 6

Fords, Chevrolets,
McLaughlins, Overlands.

Every Car has been carefully overhauled by our skilled mechanics, so that we can assure you value for your money.

We must make room for new cars, so watch for bargains. A small down payment will secure any used car, delivered to you when required. Terms for balance if necessary. Your old car taken as part payment.

Phone 198.

PAUL'S GARAGE, NAPANEE

Willy's Knight and Overland Cars. Federal Knight Trucks.

The Cross-Cut

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

Illustrations by R. B. Van Nice

Copyright by Little, Brown & Co.

"Now we run!" he announced, and they hurried, side by side, down the drift tunnel until they reached the shaft. "Far enough," said Fairchild.

A long moment of waiting. Then the earth quivered and a muffled, booming roar came from the distance. Harry stared at his carbide lamp.

"One," he announced. Then, "Two."

Three, four and five followed, all counted seriously, carefully by Harry. Finally they turned back along the drift toward the stope, the acrid odor of dynamite smoke curling at their nostrils as they approached the spot where the explosions had occurred. There Harry stood ill silent contemplation for a long time, holding his candle over the pile of ore that had been torn from the vein above.

"It ain't much," came at last. "Not more'n 'arf a ton. We won't get rich at that rate. And besides—" he looked upward—"we ain't even going to be getting that pretty soon. It's pinching out."

Fairchild followed his gaze, to see in the torn rock above him only a narrow streak now, fully an inch and a half narrower than the vein had been before the powder holes had been drilled. It could mean only one thing: that the bet had been played and lost, that the vein had been one of those freak affairs that start out with much promise, seem to give hope of eternal riches, and then gradually dwindle to nothing. Harry shook his head.

"It won't last."

"Not more than two or three more shots," Fairchild agreed.

"You can't tell about that. It may run that way all through the mountain—but what's a four-inch vein? You can go up 'ere in the Argonaut tunnel and find 'arf a dozen of them things that they don't even take the trouble to mine. That is, unless they run 'igh in silver—" he picked up a chunk of the ore from the muck pile where it had been deposited and studied it intently—"but I don't see any pure silver sticking out in this stuff."

"But it must be here somewhere. I don't know anything about mining—but don't veins sometimes pinch off and then show up later on?"

"Sure they do—sometimes. But it's a gamble."

"That's all we've had from the beginning, Harry."

"And it's about all we're going to 'ave any time unless something bobs up sudden like."

Then, by common consent, they laid away their working clothes and left the mine, to wander down the gulch and to the boarding house. After dinner they chatted a moment with Mother Howard, then went upstairs, each to his room. An hour later Harry knocked at Fairchild's door, and entered, the evening paper in his hand.

"'Ere's something more that's nice," he announced, pointing to an item on the front page. It was the announcement that a general grand jury was to be convened late in the summer and that one of its tasks would be to seek to unravel the mystery of the murder of Sissie Larsen!

Fairchild read it with morbidity. Trouble seemed to have become more than occasional, and further than that, it appeared to descend upon him at just the times when he could least resist it. He made no comment; there was little that he could say. Again he read the item and again, finally to turn the page and breathe snarpy. Before him was a six-column advertisement, announcing the strike in the Silver Queen mine and also spreading the word that a two-million-dollar company would be formed, one million in stock to represent the mine itself, the other to be subscribed to exploit this new find as it should be exploited. Glowing words told of the possibilities of the Silver Queen. Offices had been opened; everything had been planned in advance and the advertisement written before the town was aware of the big discovery up Kentucky gulch. All of it Fairchild read with a feeling he could not down—a feeling that Fate, somehow, was dealing the cards from the bottom, and that trickery and treachery and a venomous nature were the necessary ingredients, after all, to success. He finished the last line, looked at the list of officers, and gasped.

For there, following one another, were three names, two of which Fairchild had expected. But the other—

They were, president and general manager, R. B. (Squint) Rodaine; secretary-treasurer, Maurice Rodaine; and first vice president—Miss Anita Natalie Richmond!

After that, Fairchild heard little that Harry said as he rumbled on about plans for the future. He sat and stared, until finally his partner said good-night and left the room.

That name could mean only one thing: that she had consented to become a partner with them, that they had won her over, after all. Now, even a different light came upon the meeting with Barnham in Denver and a different view to Fairchild. What if she had been playing their game all along? What if she had been merely a tool for them; what if she had sent Farrell at their direction, to learn everything he and Harry knew? Had not another lawyer played the friendship racket, in an effort to buy the Blue Poppy mine?

And here Fairchild smiled grimly. From the present prospects, it would seem that the gain would have been all on his side, for certainly there was little to show now toward a possibility of the Blue Poppy ever being worth anything near the price which had been offered for it. And yet, if that offer had not been made as some sort of stiletto jest, why had it been made at all? Was it because Rodaine knew that wealth did not exist there and Fairchild suddenly took hope. He clenched his hands and he spoke, to himself, to the darkness and to the spirits of discouragement that were all about him:

"If it's there, we'll find it—if we have to work our fingers to the bone, if we have to starve and die there—we'll find it!"

With that determination, he went to bed, to awake in the morning filled with a desire to reach the mine, to claw at its vitals with the sharp-edged drills, to swing the heavy sledge until the shoulders ached, to wait for the roaring charges of dynamite digging deeper and deeper into that thinning vein. And Harry was beside him every step of the way.

A day's work, the booming charges, and they returned to the stope to find that the vein had neither lessened nor grown greater. Another day—and one after that. The vein remained the same.

Squint Rodaine had established his office in a small, vacant store building on the main street, and Fairchild could see, as he went to and from his work, a constant stream of townspeople as they made their way in there to give their money into the keeping of the be-scarred man and to trust to the future for wealth. It galled Fairchild, it made his hate stronger than ever for the girl who was named as vice president—

He saw her, day after day, riding through town in the same automobile that he had helped re-tire on the Denver road. But now she did not look at him; now she pretended that she did not see him. She had gone over to the Rodaines, she was engaged to marry the chalky-faced, hook-nosed son and she was vice president of their two-million-dollar mining corporation. Fairchild did not even strive to find a meaning for it all; women are women, and men do well sometimes if they diagnose themselves.

The summer began to grow old, and Fairchild felt that he was aging with it. The bank deposits were thinning, and the vein was thinning with it. Slowly but surely, as they fought, the strip of pay ore in the rocks was punching out. Soon would come the time when they could work it no longer. And then—but Fairchild did not like to think about that.

September came, and with it the grand jury. But here for once was a slight ray of hope. For days, twelve good men and true wore themselves out with other matters and adjourned without even taking up the mystery of the Blue Poppy mine. But the joy of Fairchild and Harry was short-lived. In the long, legal phraseology of the jury's report was the recommendation that this important subject be the first for inquiry by the next grand inquisitorial body to be convened — and the threat still remained.

But before the two men were now realities which were worse even than threats, and Harry turned from his singing late one afternoon to voice the most important.

"We'll start single-jacking tomorrow," he announced with a little sigh. "In the 'anging wall. The vein's pinched down until we ain't even getting day laborer's wages out of it—and it's October now."

October! October—and winter on the way. October—and only a month until the time when Harry must face a jury on four separate charges, any one of which might send him to Canon City for the rest of his days. Fairchild's hopes lay inert. He was only working now because it was strong, big-shouldered man had come from Cornwall to help him and was willing to fight it out to the end. October—and the announcement had said that a certain girl would be married in the late fall, a girl who never looked in his direction any more, who had allowed her name to become affiliated with that of the Rodaines, now nearing the task of completing their two million. October!

For a long moment, Fairchild said nothing, then as Harry came from the singing, he moved to the older man's side.

"—I didn't quite catch the idea," came at last. Harry pointed with his sledge.

"I've been noticing the vein. It keeps turning to the left. It struck me that it might have branched off from the main body and that there's a bigger vein over there some'eres. We'll just 'ave to make a try for it. It's our only chance."

"And if we fail to find it there?"

"If it ain't there—we're whipped!" It was the first time that Harry had said the word seriously. Fairchild pretended not to hear. Instead, he picked up a drill, looked at its point, then started toward the small forge which they had erected just at the foot of the little raise leading to the stope. There Harry joined him; together they heated the long pieces of steel and pounded their biting faces to the sharpness necessary in drilling in the hard rock of the hanging wall, tempering them in the bucket of water near by, working silently, slowly—hampered by the weight of defeat. They were being whipped; they felt it in every atom of their beings. But they had not given up their fight. Two blows were left in the struggle, and two blows they meant to strike before the end came. The next morning they started at their new task, each drilling holes at points five feet apart in the hanging wall, to send them in as far as possible, then at the end of the day to blast them out, tearing away the rock and stopping their work at drilling that they might muck away the refuse. And day after day, each, without mentioning it to the other, was tortured by the thought of that offer of riches, that mysterious proffer of wealth for the Blue Poppy mine—tortured like men who are chained in the sight of gold and cannot reach it. For the offer carried always the hint that wealth was there, somewhere, that Squint Rodaine knew it, but that they could not find it. Either that—or flat failure. Either wealth that would yield Squint a hundredfold for his purpose, or a sneer that would answer their offer to sell. And each man gritted his teeth and said nothing. But they worked on.

October gave up its fight. The first day of November came, to find the chamber a wide, vacuous thing now, shattering stone and refuse and two struggling men—nothing more. Fairchild ceased his labors and mopped his forehead, dripping from the heat engendered by frenzied labor. A long moment, then:

"Harry."

"Aye."

"I'm going after the other side. We've been playing a half-horsed game here."

"I've been thinking that, Boy."

"Then I'm going to tackle the foot wall. I was at the bank today."

"Yeh."

"My balance is just two hundred."

Harry clawed at his mustache. "We're nearing the end, Boy. Tackle the foot wall."

They said no more. Fairchild withdrew his drill from the "swinger" or straightforward powder hole and turned far to the other side of the chamber, where the sloping foot wall showed for a few feet before it dived under the muck and refuse. Spot after spot he prospected, suddenly to stop and bend forward. At last came an exclamation, surprised, wondering:

"Harry!"

The Cornishman left his work and walked to Fairchild's side. The younger man pointed.

"Do you ever fill up drill holes with cement?" he asked.

"Not as I know of. Why?"

"There's one." Fairchild raised his gad and chipped away the softer surface of the rock, leaving a tubular protuberance of cement extending. Harry stared.

"What the bloody 'ell?" se conjectured. "D' you suppose—" Then, with a sudden resolution: "Drill there! Gad a'ole off to one side a bit and drill there. It seems to me Sissie Larsen' put a 'ole or something in 'ere, I remember. But drill. It can't do any 'arm."

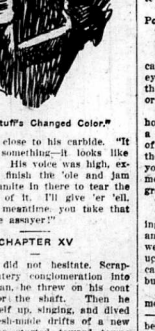
The gad chipped away the rock. Soon the drill was biting into the surface of the foot wall. Quitting time came; the drill was in two feet, and in the morning, Fairchild went at his task again, pounding away at the long, six-foot drill with strokes that had behind them only muscles, not the tremendous power of hope. A foot he progressed into the foot wall and changed drills. Three inches more. Then—

"Harry!"

"What's 'appened?" The tone of Fairchild's voice had caused the Cornishman to lean from his singing and run to Fairchild's side. That person had cupped his hand and was holding it beneath the drill hole, while into it he was pulling the muck with the scraper and staring at it.

"This stuff's changed color!" he exclaimed. "It looks like—"

"Let me see!" The older man took a portion of the blackish, gritty mass



"This Stuff's Changed Color."

and held it close to his carbide. "It looks like something—it looks like something!" His voice was high, excited. "I'll finish the 'ole and jam enough dynamite in there to tear the insides out of it. I'll give 'er 'ell. But in the meantime you take that down to the assayer!"

CHAPTER XV

Fairchild did not hesitate. Scraping the watery conglomeration into a tobacco can, he threw on his coat and ran for the shaft. Then he pulled himself up, singing, and dived into the fresh-mined drifts of a new storm as he started toward town; nor did he stop to investigate the fast-fading footprints of some one who evidently had passed the mine a short time before.

Into town and through it to the scrambling buildings of the Sampler, where the main products of the mines of Ohadi found their way before going to the smelter. There he swung wide the door and turned to the little room on the left, the sanctum of a white-haired, almost tottering old man who wandered about among his test tubes and "buttons" as he figured out the various weights and values of the ores as the samples were brought to him from the dirty, dusty, bin-filled rooms of the Sampler proper. A queer light came into the old fellow's eyes as he looked into those of Robert Fairchild.

"Don't get 'em too high!" he admonished. Fairchild stared.

"What?"

"Hopes. I've seen many a fellow come in just like you. I've been here thirty year. They call me Old Undertaker Chastine!"

Fairchild laughed.

"But I'm hoping—"

"Yep, Son." Undertaker Chastine looked over his glasses. "You're just like all the rest. You're hoping. Trot 'er out and let the old Undertaker have a look at 'er."

Sobered now, Fairchild reached for his tobacco can, which had been stuffed full of every scrap of slime that he and Harry had been able to drag from the powder hole. Evidently, he'd drill had been in the vein, what ever it was, for some time before he realized it; the can was heavy, exceedingly heavy, giving evidence of purity of something at least. But Undertaker Chastine shook his head.

"Can't tell," he announced. "Feels heavy, looks black and all that. But it might not be anything but straight lead with a sprinkling of silver. And then again—"

He began to tinker about with his pottery. He dragged out a scoop from somewhere and prepared various white powders. Then he turned to the furnace, with its high-shimmering draft, and filled a container with the contents of the tobacco can.

"Let 'er roast, Son," he announced. "That's the only way. Let 'er roast—and while it's getting hot, well, you just cool your heels."

Long waiting—while the eccentric old assayer told doleful tales of other days, tales of other men who had rushed in, just like Fairchild, with their samples of ore, only to depart with the knowledge that they were no richer than before, days when the news of the demonetization of silver swooped down upon the little town like some black tornado, closing down the mines, shutting up the gambling halls and saloons, nailing up the doors, even of the Sampler, for years to come.

He turned to the furnace and took out the pottery dish in which the sample had been smelting white-hot now. He cooled it and tinkered with his chemicals. He fussed with his scales, he adjusted his glasses, he coughed once or twice in an embarrassed manner; finally to turn to Fairchild.

"Young man," he queried, "it ain't any of my business, but where'd you get this ore?"

"Out of my mine, the Blue Poppy!"

"Sure you ain't been visiting?"

"What do you mean?" Fairchild was staring at him in wonderment.

Old Undertaker Chastine rubbed his hands on his big apron and continued to look over his glasses.

"What'll you take for the Blue Poppy mine, Son?"

"Why—it's not for sale."

"Sure it ain't going to be—soon?"

"Absolutely not." Then Fairchild caught the queer look in the man's eyes. "What do you mean by all these questions? Is that good ore—or isn't it?"

"Son, just one more question—and I hope you won't get mad at 'me. I'm a funny old fellow, and I do a lot of things that don't seem right at the beginning. But I've found a few young bloods like you from trouble more than once. You ain't been high-grading?"

"You mean—"

"Just exactly what I said—wandering around somebody else's property and picking up a few samples, as it were, to mix in with your own product? Or planting them where they can be found easily by a prospective buyer?"

Fairchild's chin set, and his arms moved slowly. Then he laughed. "No—I'll give you my word I haven't been high-grading," he said. "My partner and I drilled a hole in the foot wall of the stope where we were working, hoping to find the rest of a vein that was pinching out on us. And we got this stuff. Is it any good?"

"Is it good?" Again Old Undertaker Chastine looked over his glasses. "That's just the trouble. It's too good—it's so good that it seems there's something funny about it. Son, that stuff assays within a gram, almost, of the ore they're taking out of the Silver Queen!"

"What's that?" Fairchild had leaped forward and grasped the other man by the shoulders, his eyes aglearn, his whole being trembling with excitement. "You're not kidding me about it? You're sure—you're sure?"

"Boy, you've got a bonanza, if this holds out. It's almost identical. I never saw two samples of ore that were more alike. Let's see, the Blue Poppy's right up Kentucky gulch, not in very far—and the Silver Queen, isn't it? Then there must be a tremendous big vein concealed around there somewhere that splits, one half of it running through the mountain in one direction and the other cutting through on the opposite side. It looks like peaches and cream for you, Son. How thick is it?"

"I don't know. We just happened to put a drill in there—and this is some of the scrapings."

"You haven't cut into it at all, then?"

"Not unless Harry, my partner, has put in a shot since I've been gone."

"Well, Son, now you can hurry back and begin cutting into a fortune. If that vein's only four inches wide, you've got plenty to keep you for the rest of your life. Run along."

And Fairchild "ran." Whistling and happy, he turned out of the office of the Sampler and into the street, his coat open, his big cap high on his head, regardless of the sweep of the cold wind and the fine snow that it carried on its icy breath. The waiting of months was over, and Fairchild at last was beginning to see his dreams come true.

So this was the reason that Rodaine had acknowledged the value of the mine that day in court. This was the reason for the mysterious offer of fifty thousand dollars and for the later one of more than a quarter of a million! Rodaine had known; Rodaine had information, and Rodaine had been willing to pay to gain possession of what now appeared to be a bonanza. But Rodaine had failed. And Fairchild had won!

Won! But suddenly he realized that there was a blankness about it all. He had won money, it is true. But all the money in the world could not free him from the taint that had been left upon him by a coroner's investigation, from the hint that still remained in the recommendation of the grand jury that the murder of Sissie Larsen be looked into further. Nor could it remove the stigma of the four charges against Harry, which soon were to come to trial, and with-out a bit of evidence to combat them. Riches could do nothing—they could not aid in that particular, and somewhat sobered by the knowledge, Fairchild turned from the main road and on up through the high-piled snow to the mouth of the Blue Poppy tunnel.

A faint acrid odor, struck his nostrils as he started to descend the shaft, the "perfume" of exploded dynamite, and it sent new thrills of childish excitement and intensity of the strike. Evidently Harry had shot the deep hole, and now, there in the chamber, was examining the result, which must, by this time, give some idea as to the extent of the ore and the width of the vein. A moment more and he had reached the bottom, to leap from the carrier, light his carbide lamp which hung where he had left it on the timbers, and start forward.

The odor grew heavier. Fairchild held his light before him and looked far ahead, wondering why he could not see the gleam from Harry's lamp. He shouted. There was no answer, and he went on.

Fifty feet! Seventy-five feet! Then he stopped short with a gasp. Twisted and torn before him were the timbers of the tunnel, while muck and refuse lay everywhere. A cave-in—another cave-in—at almost the exact spot where the one had occurred years before, shutting off the chamber from communication with the shaft, tearing and rending the new timbers which had been placed there and imprisoning Harry behind them!

Fairchild shouted again and again, only gaining for his answer the ghostlike echoes of his own voice as they traveled to the shaft and were thrown back again. He tore off his coat and



A Cave-in!

cap, and attacked the timbers like the fear-maddened man he was, dragging them by superhuman force out of the way and clearing a path to the refuse.

Hours passed, while the sweat poured from his forehead and his muscles seemed to tear themselves loose from their fastenings with the exertion that was placed upon them. Foot after foot, the muck was torn away, as Fairchild, with pick and shovel, forced a tunnel through the great mass of rocky debris which choked the drift. Onward—onward—at last to make a small opening in the barricade, and to lean close to it that he might shout again. But still there was no answer.

Feverish now, Fairchild worked with all the reserve strength that was in him. Behind that broken mass, Fairchild felt sure, was his partner, torn, bleeding through the effects of some accident, he did not know what, just answering his calls, perhaps dead. Greater became the hole in the cave-in, soon it was large enough to admit his body. Seizing his carbide lamp, Fairchild made for the opening and crawled through, hurrying onward toward the chamber where he stope began, calling Harry's name at every step, in vain. The place was empty, except for the pile of timber and refuse which had been torn away by dynamite explosions in the hanging wall, where Harry evidently had hot away the remaining refuse in a last effort to see what lay in that direction—stones and muck which told nothing. On the other side—

Fairchild stared blankly. The hole that he had made into the foot wall had been filled with dynamite and tamped, as though ready for shooting. But the charge had not been exploded. Instead—on the ground lay the reminder of the tamping paper and a short foot and a half of fuse, with its fulminate of mercury cap attached, where it had been pulled from its hole by some great force and hastily stamped out. And Harry—

Harry was gone!

CHAPTER XVI

It was as though shades of the past had come to life again, to repeat in the Twentieth century a happening of the Nineteenth. There was only one difference—no force of a dead man now lay against the foot wall, to rest there more than a score of years until it should come to light, a pile of bones in time-shredded clothing. And as he thought of it, Fairchild remembered that the earthly remains of "Sissie" Larsen had lain within almost a few feet of the spot where he had drilled the prospect hole into the foot wall, there to discover the ore that promised bonanza.

But this time there was nothing and no clue to the mystery of Harry's disappearance. Fairchild suddenly strengthened with an idea. Perhaps, after all, he had been on the other side of the cave-in and had hurried out of the mine. But in that event, would be not have waited for his return, to tell him of the accident? However, it was a chance, and Fairchild took it. Once more he crawled through the hole that he had made in the cave-in and sought the outward world. Then he hurried down Kentucky gulch and to the Sampler. But Harry had not been there. He went through town, asking questions, striving his best to shield his anxiety, cloaking his queries under the cover of cursory remarks. Harry had not been seen. At last, with the coming of night, he turned toward the boarding house, and on his arrival, Mother Howard, sighting his white face, hurried to him.

"Have you seen Harry?" he asked.

"No—he hasn't been here."

It was the last chance. Clutching fear at his heart, he told Mother Howard of the happenings at the mine, quickly, as plainly as possible. Then hence more he went forth, to retrace his steps to the Blue Poppy, to buck the wind and the fine snow and the high, piled drifts, and to go below. But the surroundings were the same: still the cave-in, with its small hole where he had torn through it, still the ragged hanging wall where Harry had fired the last shots of dynamite in his investigations, still the trampled bit of fuse with its cap attached. Nothing more.

Back into the black night, with the winds whistling through the pines. Back to wandering about through the hills, hurrying forward at the sight of every faint, dark object against the snow, in the hope that Harry, crippled by the cave-in, might have some way gotten out of the shaft. But they were only boulders or logs or stumps of trees. At midnight, Fairchild turned once more toward town and to the boarding house. But



SICK ABED EIGHT MONTHS

After Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Could Do All Her Work and Gained in Weight

Melfort, Saskatchewan. — "I had inward troubles, headaches and severe pains in my back and sides. I was too sick generally that I could not sit up and I was in bed most of the time for eight months. An aunt came to visit and the doctor me as I was unable to attend to my baby and could not do my work. She told me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and after taking two bottles I could get up and dress myself. I also took Lydia E. Pinkham's Blood Medicine. When I first took the medicine I only weighed seventy-eight pounds. Now I weigh twice as much. If I get out of sorts or weary and can't sleep I always take another bottle of the Vegetable Compound. I find it wonderfully good for female troubles, and have recommended it to my neighbors. I will be only too glad to answer any letters I receive asking about it." — Mrs. WILLIAM TERCHIN, Box 486, Melfort, Saskatchewan.

C



harry had not appeared. There was only one thing left to do.

This time, when Fairchild left Mother Howard's, his steps did not lead him toward Kentucky gulch. Instead he kept straight on up the street, past the little line of store buildings and to the courthouse, where he sought out the sole remaining light in the bleak, black building—Sheriff Bardwell's office. That personage was nodding in his chair, but removed his feet from the desk and turned drowsily as Fairchild entered.

"Well?" he questioned, "what's up?"

"My partner has disappeared. I want to report on it now—and see if I can get some help."

"Disappeared? Who?"

"Harry Harkins. He's a big Cornishman, with a large mustache, very red face, about sixty years old, I should judge—"

"Wait a minute," Bardwell's eyes narrowed. "Ain't he the fellow I arrested in the Blue Poppy mine the night of the Old Times dance?"

"Yes."

"And you say he's disappeared? When does his trial come up?"

"A week from tomorrow."

"And he's disappeared. A slow smile came over the other man's lips. "I don't think it will help much to start any relief expedition for him. The thing to do is to get a picture and a general description and send it around to the police in the various parts of the country! That'll be the best way to find him!"

Fairchild's teeth gritted, but he could not escape the force of the argument, from the sheriff's standpoint. For a moment there was silence, then the miner came closer to the desk.

"Sheriff," said he as calmly as possible, "you have a perfect right to give that sort of view. That's your business—to suspect people. However, some sort of an accident happened at the mine this afternoon—a cave-in or an explosion that tore out the roof of the tunnel—and I am sure that my partner is wandering among the hills. Will you help me to find him?"

The sheriff wheeled about in his chair and studied a moment. Then he rose.

"Guess I will," he announced. "It can't do any harm to look for him, anyway."

To be Continued.

Too Familiar.

"Your face is certainly familiar," said the girl as she wiped a stolen kiss from her ruby lips.—Boston Transcript.

More Tramping and Thumping.

One of the best things about golf is that the poorer you play it the more exercise you get.—Boston Transcript.

Optimistic Thought.

Fortune smiles at those whose resolution forces open her purse.

THE NAPANEE EXPRESS
E. J. POLLARD, Editor and Proprietor

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY

All local reading notices or notices announcing entertainments at which a fee is charged for admission, will be charged 5c. per line for insertion, if in ordinary type. In black type the price will be 10c. per line each insertion.

E. & J. HARDY & CO.
Advertising Contractors and News Correspondents
Fleet St., London, E.C., England.

A file of this paper can be seen free of charge by visitors to London, to whom advice gratis will be given, if required.

U. M. WILSON,
Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public crown Attorney, Clerk of the Peace,
Phones—Office 46, Residence 125
Office—Dundas St., NAPANEE

G. F. RUTTAN, K.C.
Barrister, Solicitor, etc.
Solicitor for Bank of Montreal, NAPANEE
Money to Loan.
Phones—Office 93; Residence 132

W. G. WILSON,
Barrister
Solicitor, Notary Public, Conveyancer, Etc.
P. O. Box 620. Telephone No. 83
OFFICE—North Side Dundas St., Napanee, Ont.

HERRINGTON, WARNER & GRANGE
Barristers, Etc.
MONEY TO LOAN AT LOW RATE
Office—Warner Block, Opposite Post Office.

T. B. GERMAN
Barrister and Solicitor
MONEY TO LOAN AT LOWEST RATES
OFFICE: Grange Block, 50 John Street, Napanee

Hardwood Flooring and Clear B. C. Fir Flooring
Best Grades, all Kiln Dried
Always in Stock
Robert Light
Lumber and Millwood
Telephone 53. Napanee, Ont.



He Finished the Last Line and Gasped.

Writers Were Neglected

Many brilliant and talented writers have passed through years of neglect, their worth and genius unrecognized by the public.

Thus Robert Burns, the Scottish poet, after a brief period of popular favor in Edinburgh literary circles, went back to the plough.

After the failure of his farming adventure at Ellisland, he became an exciseman, and died at Dumfries in poverty and neglect.

Thomas Chatterton, the youthful poet, finding his work was unrecognized, committed suicide in 1770, at the early age of eighteen. Thus has genius suffered at the hands of an unfeeling public.

Authors in the old days, before any copyright laws were in existence to protect their interests, suffered because their works were exploited and pirated by unscrupulous printers. Many suffered poverty and obscurity in their lifetime, while after their death publishers made fortunes out of their writings.

Many authors and poets of bygone days would be amazed if they could come back and see the sumptuous editions of their works, published and widely read long after they were dead! Then poets and writers had to depend, in "the good old days," on the patronage of the wealthy.

Nash, the Elizabethan writer, whom Isaac Disraeli describes as "a creature of genius, of famine and despair," proclaimed himself to the world as "Pierce Pennilesse," and confessed that he "sat up late and rose early, contended with cold and conversed with sacrifice," while he beheld petty tradesman making money and rejoicing in plenty.

Then Stowe, the learned antiquary, after devoting all his life to the study of the monuments of antiquity in England, making a tremendous collection of valuable manuscripts during his lifetime, found himself in his old age forced to collect alms.

Neglected by the great city in which he lived, at the age of eighty he was granted letters patent by the King "to ask, gather, and take the alms of all our loving subjects."

One city parish contributed the magnificent sum of seven-and-sixpence, so we must conclude that the response was not encouraging.

Poor Myles Davies, a Welsh clergyman who turned author, tells us how he hawked his own books, under conditions that would have daunted most men. Round the houses of the mighty he went, not only receiving the insolence of porters and lackeys, but having to stand disgusting treatment from his lordship. In one case, they squirted orange water over the persistent author.

Disappointed genius is one of the saddest things in human life! Some have accepted their disappointments with great sense of humor. Some sadly disappointed authors have broken out in a violent abuse of friends and foes alike. Such a man was the orator, Henley, whose famous "Universal Academy" amused London in the eighteenth century.

Authors, like other workers, suffer oftentimes from maladies due to the nature of their craft. The thinking faculty sometimes becomes deranged through excessive study, and sedentary habits affect the physical health. The result is a host of hypochondriac troubles and nervous ones as well.

Henry Carey, immortalized by his famous song, "Sally In Our Alley," died by his own hand, and was found dead with a solitary halfpenny in his pocket.

Jefferies died of consumption without seeing the recognition he deserved because of his unrivalled knowledge of the English countryside.

SEA OZONE.

Visitors Smell the Gas Given Off by Decaying Sea-weed.

The name ozone simply means "a smell," since long ago it was noted that oxygen through which an electric spark had passed gave off a peculiar smell, the scent which we perceive at electricity works or in some of the Tube railways, where artificially produced ozone is employed to purify the air. In nature, ozone is found often in the atmosphere after a thunderstorm, or in very tiny quantities on mountains or at the sea. It is not this, however, that the visitor smells—the proportion being far too small for notice—but the gas given off by decaying sea-weed, the very pronounced odor from the latter being almost invariably put down as due to "ozone"!

Exit the Broad Arrow.

The broad arrow, which figures so largely in all narratives of British prison life, is to disappear. The new and more humane spirit which now characterises the administration of justice condemns it as an unnecessary degradation, and as soon as the cloth now in stock is finished the broad arrow will vanish from "His Majesty's Hotels."

Instead of the old uniform, with its shameful and unlovely associations, convicts are to be provided with decent, respectable clothing to which the prison taint will not be attached.

It is thought that in this way the morale of the prisoners will be improved, and they will be more likely to amend their ways and become law-abiding citizens when they return to freedom.

"Oh, What a Charge They Made!"

The chairman of the gas company was making a popular address.

"Think of the good the gas company has done," he cried. "If I were permitted a pun, I would say in the words of the immortal poet, 'Honor the Light Brigade'."

Voice of a consumer from the audience: "Oh, what a charge they made!"

Tight.

"He's close fisted, isn't he?"

"I should say he is. Why, man, he won't even give up any of his bad habits."—Detroit Free Press.

Caught.

"How is it I didn't see you at the charity meeting last night?"

"It was I who passed the plate around!"—Judge.

Other men are lenses through which we read our own minds.—Emerson.

EMOTIONAL ACTRESSES.

Temperament on the Stage and the Task of Managing It.

You hear a lot about the artistic temperament in and out of the theatrical trenches. There's only one way to manage a temperamental woman on the stage, said a well known leading man the other day, and that is to be in love with her. I was never so fortunate myself, but I have seen it work out with others again and again. They hate the man who won't admire them, and they laugh at the man who does. Their nerves are always thumping them into action till their hearts are bursting and their brains are in a whirl.

One of our emotional actresses in her prime was the most febrile, fearless, radiant witch of a woman the stage ever had. She was always on fire, intellectually and every other way. During one engagement in New York she wasn't on speaking terms with any one in the front of the house, except one man, and he was always telling her how wonderful she was. No one else dared go near her for fear she'd kill them with the first thing handy. They're just like angry leopards, some of them. They must be humored, conquered with patience, firmness and kindness.

A well known English star, who has always been famous for being difficult to manage, used to hate the sight of a manager. She could wither any man who was not her mental equal till he literally crumpled to pieces, and she loved nothing better. There were so many who were not her equal too. She knew most men were afraid of her, and she kept them in that delicious state of dread. They called it "temperament." She called it something more fitting—brains.—Theater Magazine.

Words Often Misspelled.

Here are twenty-one common words frequently misspelled. Get some one to dictate the following paragraph to you and see how many of them you can spell correctly:

The "privilege" of "separating ninety miscellaneous calendars" arranged in two "parallel" lines was against the "principles" of the "superintendent," so his "niece" not to "disappoint" the "government" or cause it to "lose business" removed the "principal" calendars and thus "relieved" her uncle of a strain which might have brought on a "disease." Then she "believed" it had become "truly necessary" for her to "receive" her instruction in "grammar."

Rules of Knights of the Garter.

Except on state occasions Knights of the Garter are not likely to display any token of their dignity, but in former days Knights of the Garter had to look resplendent on all occasions. "It was an original law," we are told in a history of the order published in 1841, "that the knight should never be without his garter. Afterward he was permitted to wear instead of the garter a blue lace or thread round his leg when on horseback, but this has long been neglected. It is still, however, incumbent on every knight to have about him at all times (though not necessarily displayed) the badge or some part of the decorations, and we believe the rule is obeyed."

Chameleon Scared White.

Madagascar is the home of the chameleon. In his book, "A Naturalist In Madagascar," James Sibree says the chameleon changes color for other reasons than adaptation to its background. He saw one that turned perfectly white out of fright when seized in the coils of a snake. When released it resumed its ordinary color. The Malagasy call it ranilaheloka, which means "naughty old boy."

Dead Wrong.

"What would you do, Jimson," asked Professor Brainfag, "if you saw a man fall dead in the street without apparent reason?"

"I really wouldn't know what to do, sir," answered the young student. "I think I should just let him lie there. It would certainly be wrong of any man to drop dead in the street without first giving his reasons for doing so."

When Cordova Was the World.

Cordova, Spain, was a brilliant capital of the world, with half a million population, when the rest of Europe was clouded by the deepest lethargy of the middle ages. In the year 950 Cordova was considered the world's fountain of learning and science, and Christian Europe turned to her for instruction in "everything from tanning leather to charting the stars."—Argonaut.

The Word Alp.

In Switzerland the word alp does not mean a mountain, but is used to indicate the little valleys in the higher altitudes, where peasants take their cows in summer and where in small huts and stables the attendants and animals remain for several months in the year. The cows thrive on the tender grass, and their milk is converted on the spot into cheese and butter.—Exchange.

The Cause of It.

"There goes a man who has a pull with the best people in town."

"Who is he?"

"A fashionable dentist."

Foregone Conclusion.

Teacher—If a farmer sold 1,479 bushels of wheat for $1.17 a bushel what would he get? Boy—An automobile.

Took Years to Cultivate.

The flower show had been a great success, and a few evenings later Councillor Smith, who had performed the opening ceremony, was reading the local paper's report of it to his wife.

Presently he stopped and, snatching up his stick, rushed from the room. Amazed, his wife picked up the paper and read:—

"As Mr. Smith mounted the stage all eyes were fixed on the large red nose he displayed. Only years of patient cultivation could have produced an object of such brilliance."

A Great Actor's Jokes

Mr. Sidney Dark, editor of the Church Times (England) was born into a family with stage connections and first aspired to be an actor. Bernard Shaw, in fact, advised him to stick to the stage, but the call of journalism was too strong. It was as a theatrical gossip writer that he began. He tells a good story of Marie Corelli and Beerbohm Tree in his book of reminiscences, "Mainly About Other People."

"When Tree was still at the Haymarket Theatre, Miss Marie Corelli did her utmost to persuade him to produce the dramatic version of her famous story, "The Sorrows of Satan." Tree diplomatically avoided hearing the play as long as he could. One morning, however, the novelist cornered him and he was obliged to sit down and allow her to read her script.

"Before beginning, she explained her idea of Satan. She said that he was really a great gentleman. Tree let Miss Corelli read on for some time. At last he interrupted and said: 'I beg your pardon, I thought you said your devil was a gentleman.' 'He is,' said the novelist. 'Ah,' said Tree, 'I have never met a gentleman like that,' and he bowed her out.

"Tree was a great wag when in good form, and loved stories that he could tell against himself. Once a widow brought a small boy to the theatre for an engagement in some play for which a number of children were required. 'Has your son ever acted before, madam?' Tree asked her. 'Oh, no, sir,' was the reply, 'but he spoke up beautiful at the inquest'."

Twenty years or so ago theatre managers had to contend with what they described as organised booing. One night the manager of a theatre overheard a conversation between two men standing in the gallery queue.

"What are you going to do?" asked one of them. "Oh," replied his friend, "I am going to boo." The manager watched the two men into the theatre, pointed them out to the attendant, and said that if they behaved noisily they were to be turned out.

The attendant, however, got a little mixed as to whom he was to watch. The curtain fell and a mild young man who had thoroughly enjoyed the play, and was loudly applauding and calling for the author, was seized by the scruff of the neck and thrown down the gallery steps. The management had to pay a considerable compensation for the assault.

An American reporter, who has since made a fortune in trade in London, was the rawest thing, in Mr. Dark's opinion, who ever struck Fleet Street. He joined the reporting staff of a now famous London daily paper. The news editor wanted to send a man one morning to Marlborough House, and he rang for the American to come to his room. He was wearing a funny little round hat and a white sweater.

"Are those all the clothes you've got?" said the news editor.

"I guess not; I've got a Prince Albert suit at home," was the reply. He was sent home to put on the Prince Albert suit, and returned wearing a frock-coat rather shorter than an ordinary jacket, brown boots, and a bowler hat.

"For Heaven's sake," shouted the amazed news editor, "go back and put on the sweater again."

One of the most attractive people on the same staff was George Bull, who had come from Australia with one of the cricket elevens and was engaged on space—that is, payment according to his output—to describe the matches from the Australian point of view.

One dull Sunday Bull wrote a paragraph in which he said that a train had run into Charing Cross to time and that a porter had fallen dead from shock and astonishment. This paragraph was solemnly contradicted by the authorities, who said that it was entirely inaccurate in every particular. Careful enquiries had been made. No train had run to time, and no porter had died.

Bull decided one day that he would be better with a regular salary. He waited until the office was closing on pay-day, when he asked the cashier why his salary had not been paid. "I can't go home to my wife and children without it," he complained. The cashier agreed. "How much is it " "Seven pounds," said Bull. Bull's salary was paid regularly for some years before the mistake was discovered!

"I recall with particular pleasure," Mr. Dark write, "lunching with Tree and his two younger daughters, then quite children, in the dome of His Majesty's. To amuse his daughters Tree gave an imitation of a very near-sighted man helping himself to soda-water out of a siphon, getting the wrong side towards himself, and swishing the water over his shirt and waistcoat. The children demanded that he should do it again, and Tree, who enjoyed the joke as much as they did, went on until he was so wet that he was compelled to change his shirt before he went out."

George Edwardes was one of those people who could never see a joke. The books of the old Gaiety pieces were not conspicuous for their brilliance, but in one of them, perhaps by accident, there was rather a good joke. "Is your mother entertaining this season?' one of the characters was asked, and the reply was, 'Not very.' When Edwardes heard this he immediately interrupted, 'What's he mean?' he asked. What's he mean by not very? He ought to say not much'."

The Buttercup.

The buttercup derived its title from the ignorant notion that, when cows ate buttercups, the butter-producing qualities of the milk were improved. The truth of this has not been proved, for the simple reason that cows don't eat buttercups.

Trouble Enough.

"Telephone, sir."

"What is it?"

"Your wife wants you home at once."

"What's the trouble?"

"She has a tight gown, can't stoop, and the drip pan under the refrigerator is running over."

When the tastes are purified the morals are not easily corrupted.—Ca-

VARIETIES OF APPLAUSE.

But There Is No Mistaking the Genuine, Spontaneous Offering.

With nearly every successful address applause plays a leading part. There are several varieties of applause. The common variety is the perfunctory handclap—a poor, weak contribution which makes a butterfly look long lived in comparison. A second variety is the charity offering of an audience to the oratorical beggar.

The speaker ends a profound declaration with a pause which is next door to an open declaration of war if the audience doesn't come across, or he works himself up in a series of mental paroxysms which impel the auditors to rush to his rescue before it is too late. All spellbinders pocket this variety of applause as real coin. Of course it is nothing of the kind.

The genuine issue in laudation is a spontaneous and volcanic eruption of approval and delight. It blows out violently from the subterranean fires of folk, and when it has reached its climax there comes suddenly and gorgeously from the midst of it a second and more terrific explosion, and as this is reaching its highest point a third and seismic spasm rockets up through bedlam and overwhelms everything and everybody. This is the real thing. It cannot be made to order, and it cannot be counterfeited. The prearranged outbursts at national political conventions following the nominations are pitiable attempts to manufacture it. Claques and coteries of devotees try occasionally to produce it mechanically. They never do successfully.

All veteran speakers know it, and having experienced it, live on in the bright expectancy of the golfer who has accidentally driven 275 yards and believes that any minute it is liable to be done again. There are many communities which have never witnessed such a scene. They never will. For there are some communities that are strangers to all manner of response.—Victor Murdock in Collier's Weekly.

The Arab Steed.

An Arab steed of pure breed would probably be outpaced in a race by an English thoroughbred, but in other respects it outshines its western rival. It is so docile that it is treated by its owner as one of the family, and it has an iron constitution, for it sleeps out at night without covering or shelter. Nature protects the Arab horse with a thick furry coat, which is never touched by brush or comb and which falls off at the approach of spring, when the body and legs, which had been shaggy as those of a bear, again resume their graceful beauty and glisten in the sun like polished marble.—London Chronicle.

A Weekly Birthday.

Dr. Marks, who for many years was head of St. John's college, Rangoon, which the young Burmese princes attended, once granted a day's holiday because it was Queen Victoria's birthday. The king asked Dr. Marks what he meant by it. On hearing the explanation he said graciously, "That's all right, but will you give them a holiday on my birthday?"

Dr. Marks said he certainly would if his majesty would inform him what was the day on which the world was blessed by his birth.

"According to Burmese national custom," said the king, "my birthday is every Tuesday!"

The Memory Machine.

Amnesia, or loss of memory, is chiefly interesting to the psychologists as throwing some light on the nature of memory itself. A perfect act of memory consists of three distinct acts—preservation or fixation of certain states of the nerve cells, reproduction of these and, perhaps most remarkable of all, recognition of them as reproductions in their relations. Morbid states of the memory may refer to any of these phases of an act which is as marvelous as anything in nature. There are about 3,000,000,000 nerve cells in the surface of the human brain. They never die in health, and they are never replaced or added to. This is memory's machine.

Promptness Unappreciated.

George—What's de matter, kid? Willie—It's dis way (boohoo). De boss told me to be prompt about everything, an' now he's fired me because I was too prompt about goin' home.

Considerate.

Friend—Now that you have been married some time, old friend, tell me frankly your opinion on the marriage state. Much Married Man (to his wife)—Just go outside, my dear, will you?

Aiding the Mind.

First Tourist—What are you writing down?

Second Tourist—I'm making a note of a few things that have made an indelible impression on my memory, so that I shan't forget them.—Exchange.

Her Status.

Ella—Nothing very serious about her. Stella—I should say not. If that woman knew the world was coming to an end next week it would be just like her to write to a newspaper asking what to do for blackheads.

The Test.

She—I doubt if you really love me. He—Why not, sweetheart? She—You never call me "little girl."

Whereupon be got very busy, and she of six feet three inches cuddled down in his arms with a contented sigh.

For Children Only.

The only children's theatre in England is at Birmingham. There are only two other children's theatres in the world—one in Moscow and one in New York.

Kyrle Hall, which is situated in the slums of Birmingham, is run under the auspices of the Birmingham Boys' and Girls' Union, and the audiences consist entirely of little children.

An operetta has already been produced at the children's theatre by the local School of Opera and Dramatic Art, and it is hoped to produce many other plays.

WINTER SPORTS IN CANADA



Upper—In the Laurentians, Quebec. Lower—Lady Driving Huskies around Banff, B.C. Inset—Ski-ing at Mont Rolland.

Canadian winter sport enthusiasts feared that the lack of snow would prohibit the usual activities this year in the realm of ski-ing, snowshoeing ski-joring, tobagganing and hockey. But "Our Lady of the Snows" lived up to the name bestowed upon her by a brilliant writer, and long before the winter was half through a deep, luxuriously soft white blanket had fallen, clothing trees and rivers and mountains in a popular shade of white.

To the Laurentian mountains in the province of Quebec, flew thousands of city dwellers for joyous holidays at every opportunity. Such swarms of sport lovers were there that the Canadian Pacific Railway provided special coaches for skiers where accommodations were made for skis. At Mont Rolland, Piedmont, St. Marguerite and Shawbridge, resorts were overcrowded.

Once among the picturesque hills and vales of the Laurentians, numerous parties made excursions into the fastnesses of the ghostly forests. Some climbed to the tops of the mountains to see more clearly the marvels of nature's beautiful colors in the heavens. Others, driving along the roads in crammed sleighs, watched the sun, like some golden orb in the distance, roll over slowly on one side as it descended at the end of a gorgeous day to give the world rest in darkness.

At Revelstoke, British Columbia, mountain glissading gained its popularity overnight. A long thin line of hardy enthusiasts would stand at the top of a hill. Then the line would break as they went plunging downward, scattering in all directions, through trees and shrubs, to the road thousands of feet below.

At Banff the Winter Carnival provided thrills for the large number of visitors there. Queen Gabrielle officially opened the Ice Palace, a number of young ladies organized hockey teams while others donned the garb of the Indian guide and learned to drive teams of huskies.

NAPOLEONIC ANECDOTES.

Short Narratives Taken From the Works of Louis Cohen.

Anecdotes about the great Corsican conqueror are always fascinating, even when they have not much in the way of point to them. Perhaps this is because these stories give us some insight into the true character of the man. The following is a selection of short narratives taken from the works of Louis Cohen, author of "Napoleonic Anecdotes":

"Some one was making a panegyric upon the Vicomte de Turenne, when the young Corsican, then aged fourteen, was present. A lady in the company observed: 'Yes, he may have been a great man, but I should have admired him more if he had not laid the Palatinate waste with fire and sword.'

"'What did that matter,' answered Bonaparte, eagerly, 'if it was necessary to his glory?'"

"In Egypt, in 1798, some soldiers stole a few bunches of dates from a garden. Bonaparte ordered that:

"'They shall be paraded twice tomorrow in camp, before the assembled guard, and in the middle of a detachment; they shall carry the bunches of dates so that all may see them; their coats shall be turned inside out; and on their chests they shall bear placards inscribed with the word, "Thief".'"

"The surgeon Boyer was coward enough to refuse to attend some wounded men supposed to be suffering from an infectious disease:

"'He is unworthy of the position of French citizen. He shall be dressed as a woman and paraded on a donkey through the streets of Alexandria, bearing a placard on his back inscribed with these words: "Unworthy to be a French citizen—he fears death".'"

Napoleon was never good company in any sense of the word. He had a remarkable gift for saying unpleasant things in an unpleasant manner, and in his presence the whole company were on tenterhooks, wondering what was going to happen next. If a lady had a snub nose, he said so; if a gentleman's coat was shabby, he remarked upon it with fury, because it was his pride to be the only shabby person present. When Napoleon quitted the Court, he invariably left half the women in tears and half the men in a rage. Then Talleyrand, Prince of Benevento, and Grand Chamberlain, would go limping round from group to group, saying, with his twisted smile: "The Emperor commands you to be amused."

Napoleon's strange and repulsive horror of black (an aversion of which his intimates had always been aware, without inquiring into its causes) was becoming more and more intensified. When Princess Pauline appeared at an Elban ball in a black velvet gown, which she had taken care to cover with pink flounces, because the Emperor liked that color, she had no sooner made her entree than he gave the order, in public, bidding her retire and put on another costume.

SILKWORM NURSES OF TUSCANY.

Production of Silk In Italy Is a Highly Specialized Labor.

Thousands of peasants living in the valleys of Tuscany are busily engaged in nursing millions of little worms, that recently emerged from the tiniest black eggs—larvae almost invisible, says a writer from Florence.

These little wiggly worms are as white and as thin as thread and their length is negligible. Yet they are growing rapidly and before long, having reached the stage just prior to that of butterflies, they will be carefully put to death and their silky cocoons will be shipped to the ends of the earth for My Lady's silken this-and-that.

The production of silk in Italy is a highly specialized labor. Here the worms are not, as in China and India, permitted to go their unhampered way. In fact these Italian silk worms are hatched in captivity and remain in captivity all their short span. The eggs are placed in incubators and constantly watched. When the little worms emerge they are immediately covered with mulberry leaves. These are the leaves of the white mulberry, not the red, which is common in America. Even the tiniest worm is gifted with the instinct of self-preservation and loses no time in climbing from under the leaves; once on top, they begin to feed and grow.

These silk worm babies are great pigs and feast almost uninterruptedly for three days. Then they go into a sort of trance, a state of coma, lasting also three days. Subsequently, at the summons of a bell, they awaken and once more apply themselves strenuously to the task of filling their stomachs with mulberry leaves. But they have grown in the meantime.

Under many a roof, in many a green field, the peasant has built long, raised platforms. These platforms are covered with mulberry leaves, on which crawl countless silk worms. Since they do not leave their food and wander aimlessly about to any extent, not many of them experience the accident of falling from their platform. They seem quite content to stay put as long as fresh mulberry leaves are supplied them. The Tuscan peasants are splendid worm nurses. They clean the beds and pamper and feed their charges with the greatest care.

A silk worm dislikes having anything on top of him. He seeks always the surface. When platform beds are to be cleaned, the keepers place a gauze over the leaves upon which the worms are sleeping or feeding. To this proceeding the worms object and they crawl through the gauze until they rest on top of it. The peasants then carefully lift the gauze, clean the platform and then replace the whole brood of worms, gauze and all.

When the worms have alternated in their feeding and sleeping some five or six times, they have grown to mature silk-worm estate and are ready to build for themselves a soft cocoon in which to undergo their contemplated transformation from worm to butterfly. At this stage the peasants place numbers of tree branches near the beds. One by one the worms are transferred to these branches, which are leafless. Since there is nothing to eat and since the bare tree gives the impression that winter is at hand, the worms begin to build their cocoons. Now a keeper's watchfulness must be redoubled; for if the worm is allowed to overstay his allotted span in the cocoon he decides that the weather, being still warm, is propitious for butterflies, and begins to devour his nest.

As soon as the cocoons are gathered other experts appear upon the scene to buy. There is much argument as to quality and price. When the deal is closed these newcomers quickly collect millions of cocoons, kill by a heat process the worms within, and the raw silk is theirs.

CURIOUS CROSS BREEDS.

A Zebrule Is a Cross Between a Pony and a Zebra.

Not long ago a lion-tiger was presented to the London Zoo. The father is a lion, the mother a tiger, and the animal itself a handsome beast with the characteristics of both its parents.

Man has always crossed different species of domestic animals for his own convenience. The mule is a familiar instance, while all our different breeds of dogs probably come from a common stock.

New types of dog are always being produced, and it is usual for the trapper of the north to mate a "husky" female with a wolf to keep up the strain of untiring sleigh dogs that still remain the best draft animal of our Northwest.

Fresh experiments of the kind are frequent nowadays. In East Africa, for instance, the pony has been crossed with the zebra, producing an animal known as the zebrule, which is extremely powerful and fast and has the advantage of standing the climate better than either the horse or the ordinary mule.

In Canada the wild buffalo has been crossed with Hereford cattle, producing a very hardy animal, of which the beef is excellent.

In their wild state animals seldom choose mates of other species than their own, but it now appears that the fox, introduced into Australia to check the plague of rabbits, has crossed with the dingo, the Australian wild dog.

The knowledge of this cross has caused consternation among sheep farmers. The dingo has also crossed with a mastiff which found its way ashore from a wreck, and the progeny is said to be increasing.

CHLOROFORM IN FICTION.

It Acts In a Manner That Surprises the Medical Experts.

Every now and then stories appear about individuals and even whole households being chloroformed by enterprising burglars. A report of that kind in New York city induced the New York Herald to interview a number of experts on the subject with the result of obtaining a verdict that should effectively dispose of that sort of fiction for all time, but probably will not, as previous exposures have failed.

These medical witnesses pointed out it generally requires the undivided attention of two surgeons and several nurses to induce a willing patient to yield to the fumes. If, it is suggested, the burglars have found a more expeditious mode of administration the medical world would be glad to hear of it. Dr. James J. Walsh, an authority on anaesthesia, said that the application of a chloroform soaked cloth to a victim's nostrils would produce a burning sensation that would at once arouse the sleeper.

Dr. J. T. Gwathmey, author of a text book on anaesthesia, said bluntly that it is not possible to chloroform a grown person while asleep. Another expert said he could not see how a person could be anaesthetized without realizing the fact and instances a slight woman patient who required four attendants to hold her while being put under the influence of chloroform on the operating table.

Tales of wholesale chloroforming, either by saturated cloths or atomizers, may therefore, in view of this testimony, be relegated to the realm of the imaginary.

WHY RIVERS OVERFLOW.

Some Streams Make Their Beds Too Small For Flood Tides.

"A river is not made to order. It is nothing more nor less than the accidental path made by water in following the line of least resistance," writes Arthur E. Morgan in an article on "Why Rivers Overflow," published in the Scientific American. Mr. Morgan goes on to show that the average river has found or made a channel that suffices for it in ordinary times, but that in flood tide is not large enough to carry off the water. Some of the figures he gives explain perfectly why certain rivers are in the habit of overflowing.

The Coldwater river, where it enters the flat lands from the hills in northern Mississippi, has a capacity of 900 cubic feet per second when full to the top of its banks. At maximum flood, however, 100,000 cubic feet per second pour down it, and it has to overflow.

The St. Francis river on the boundary between Arkansas and Missouri can take care of from 500 to 5,000 cubic feet per second, but in flood time it has 160,000, and the surplus must overflow. The Miami river in Ohio has a normal capacity, varying at different points from 6 per cent to 5 per cent of its maximum overflow. The Mississippi, near the mouth of the Red river, has a normal flow of 200,000 cubic feet a second; when full to the top of its banks it can carry about 1,000,000 cubic feet. When all its tributaries are in flood it has to carry 2,500,000 cubic feet a second. As its banks are higher than the surrounding plains, these inevitably receive the overflow.

Homemade Silver Polish.

To make the best silver polisher and cleaner known, take a bottle of ammonia as sold in most grocery stores, and to this add two ounces of whiting, and just a few drops of oxalic acid. In this way you will procure for the expenditure of 15 cents as much of the best silver polish as can be purchased for $1 in most of the prominent drug stores. This same polish is so cheap when homemade that the housewife will not find it too expensive to use it in polishing all of the cutlery and also the brass doorknobs or any other bright metal fixtures about the house.—National Magazine.

DAVY & ALLISON

Plumbing, Furnace Work, Tinsmiths.

Hardware, Paints and Oils. Stoves, and Furnaces.

DAVY & ALLISON,

Next to Oaten's.

FRED S. SCOTT

BARBER and TOBACCONIST
John St.

(One door south of Express Office.)

Everything clean and sanitary.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

We carry a full line of pipes, cigarettes and tobacco. Our prices are right

Bring your films to us. 25 years experience at developing and printing. Enlargements made on short notice. Mail orders will receive prompt attention.

Ontario Variegated ALFALFA

G. S. No. 1 Grown in Peel County

GEO. E. WINTER,
Seed Store
Dundas St. Phone 78.

WE SELL FOR LESS

4 lbs. Figs	25c.
1 bottle Catsup	20c.
20 bars Swift Naptha Soap	$1.00
1 lb. Arrowroot	23c.
6 bars Olive Toilet Soap	25c.
1 lb. Shortening for	17c.
1 lb. Prunes for	10c.
1 pt. sealer Horseradish	35c.
2 pkgs. Puffed Wheat for	25c.
3 cans Classic Cleaner for	25c.
1 good broom for	39c.

Wood, Salt, Feed.

A Penny Saved is Worth 2 Made.

Denison Bros.
North Centre Street.
NAPANEE, ONTARIO.



CORNS
end the pain quickly, *safely*

In one minute you can end the pain of corns with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. They end the misery of corns by eliminating the cause, *friction-pressure*. No danger of infection from cutting or corrosive acids.

Zino-pads are *thin*; antiseptic, waterproof. They protect while they heal. Cases for corns, callouses and bunions. Call today and get a box of this new, magic corn treatment.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

Sold over a counterwide line of Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Appliances and Remedies.

The Haines Shoe Houses

Daily's Good Tea is dependable—When you buy a pound you know with certainty that you will serve a tea rich in flavor and of the proper strength, one that will make the members of your family or your guests exclaim, "What a splendid cup of tea." This famous brand for sale at WALLACE'S DRUG STORE.

GET IT AT **WALLACE'S**

A "Want Adv." in the columns of The Express brings results.

MISS FRANCES NICKAWA

Mr. Jack Cheetham, a former well-known resident has been appointed Vice President of the new $500,000 theatre at Kenmore, N.Y.

A "Father & Son" banquet will be held in Napanee on Thursday, March 11th., the proceeds to be used in aid of the Boys' Parliament work.

IN GRACE CHURCH

W. D. Black, Conservative M.P.P. for Addington, was elected chairman of the Fish and Game Committee of the Ontario Legislature on Tuesday.

Wm. Spencer, a well-known resident of Napanee, died on Friday at the home of his brother, Mr. C. H. Spencer, River Road, aged 79 years. The deceased was a resident of Roblin for a long number of years, removing to Napanee a number of years ago. The funeral took place on Sunday.

SUNDAY AND MONDAY

A very large crowd of spectators gathered in the Armouries on Tuesday night to watch an exciting game of softball between the girls' teams of Grace Church and St. Pats. St. Pats were the victors by a score of 19 to 10. A second game followed between the girls of Trinity Church and St. Mary Magdalene's. Trinity Church won by a score of 15 to 7.

EVENINGS NEXT

The remains of Mr. John Phillips, a former well-known resident of South Napanee were brought to Napanee on Saturday for interment. The late Mr. Phillips was a piano tuner and was a well-known figure in Napanee for a long number of years. A few years ago he removed to Watertown to reside with his daughter ,and at whose home he died.

TICKETS 40 CENTS OR

Mrs. Rachel Cunningham, widow of Matthew Taylor, a resident or Brampton for over 60 years, passed away Sunday morning in her 89th year, after a continued illness. Mrs. Taylor was born in Tyrone, Ireland, and came to Canada when nine years of age, settling near Norval, and residing in Brampton since her marriage. She was the eldest member of Grace United Church. She is survived by one son, Matthew, Napanee, and three daughters.

2 FOR 75 CENTS

An interesting game of hockey was played at the Arena on Monday night, between the Live Wires of Kingston and the Napanee seniors. There was a large attendance. Seldom has better hockey been played here and in quality of play the teams were fairly well matched. The score was 7 to 5 in favor of Kingston. The players were :

Kingston Live Wires—Goal, Brooks-; defence, Bellringer and Metz ; centre, Watts ; right wing, Bullock ; left wing, Dongal; subs, Miller, Trudell and Wilson.

Napanee—Goal, Tomkins ; defence, Skitch and Bentley ; centre, Kirby ; right wing, Houle ; left wing, Naphin ; subs., Johnston and Shoemaker.

CHILDREN 25 CENTS



WHERE RESTS YOUR LOVED ONE

there place the most enduring, the most beautiful evidence of your affection and devotion possible to obtain—a monument in imperishable **Marble or Granite,** designed, carved and erected by us, specialists in this work.

We will make special designs for you at the lowest possible cost.

Talk it over with

WM. M. HOWITT,
Napanee, - Ontario

PERSONALS

(All our readers are cordially invited to hand in, or send in, any news they may have for this column).

Mr. Aubrey Garrison left last week for New York, where he has secured a position.

Mr. C. L. Graham is in Utica, N.Y., visiting his sister, Lena, who is very ill in that city.

Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Taylor are in Brampton attending the funeral of his mother, who passed away on Sunday morning.

Lieut. G. L. Paul and Sergt. E. Robson of the Frontenac Regiment, are taking a two weeks' course in the Royal School of Infantry, at St. John's, Que.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Mabb, Thorold, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Winter, Selby.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Trenouth were called to Bowmanville on Tuesday last on account of the death of Mrs. Trenouth's father.

Mr. Henry Creighton is visiting friends in Sudbury for a couple of weeks.

Miss Violet Hall returned home last Tuesday, after spending two weeks with Mrs. W. S. Boyce, Brighton.

Mrs. Nettie Clarke, of Marlbank, was the guest of her sister, Mrs. E. R. Sills, for a few days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Harold Anderson and Miss Doris are visiting friends in Toronto and Acton.

Mr. Harry Loucks was home from Toronto for the week-end.

Mrs. J. P. Vrooman and daughter, Mrs. Silas. Burpee, and baby, returned from Montreal last week.

Mrs. (Rev.) Truscott, West Huntington, is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Mills.

Mrs. Jos. Ingram, Toronto, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ham Loucks.

Miss Helen Loyst, Faculty of Education, Toronto, spent the week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Loyst.

Mr. Geo. White, of Ottawa, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Robinson while in Napanee for Trinity Anniversary.

Rev. Allworth Eardley was the guest of Rev. and Mrs. W. R. Tanton, while in Napanee for Trinity Anniversary.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Jackson and son, Kenneth, left last week for San Antonio, Texas, where Mr. Jackson has been ordered for his health.

Mrs. Everard Barclay, Winchester, Ont., announces the marriage of her youngest daughter, Annie R., to Mr. Robert Hamilton Brown, of Ottawa. The ceremony will take place at Winchester on Tuesday, March 16th. Miss Barclay was a former V.O.N. nurse at Napanee.

DEATHS

Carlisle—At Boston, Mass., on Tuesday, February 16th, 1926, Matthew C. Carlisle, aged 64 years.

Caton—At Napanee, on Monday, Mar. 8th, 1926, Catherine Caton, wife of Mr. Geo. A. Caton, aged 63 years, 5 months, 8 days.

Peters—At South Fredericksburgh, on Wednesday, Mar. 3rd, 1926, Wm. Nelson Peters, aged 79 years, 10 months.

Phillips—At Watertown, on Thursday, March 4th, 1926, John H. Phillips.

Rankin—In Collin's Bay, on Monday, March 7th, 1926, Jean Innes, beloved wife of A. M. Rankin, aged 49 years.

Spencer—At North Fredericksburgh, on Friday, March 5th, 1926, William Ezra Spencer, aged 79 years.

NAPANEE BRANCH VICTORIAN ORDER OF NURSES FOR CANADA.

The Order wishes to thank the members of the Town Council for the generous grant of $500 payable in quarterly instalments of $125 ; the Board of Education for the January and February instalments to the amount of $60 ; and the Mayor, for permission to put on a Tag Day, during the County Fair.

Nurse's report for January and February :

No. of Nursing Visits—113.
No. of visits to schools—31.
Hours spent in schools—62.
No. of children inspected—490.
Defects corrected—13.
Minor treatments—95.
Class room health talks—13.
Children excluded—12.
No. of home-school visits—19.
Fees collected—$30.25.

Will anyone having donations of clothing or money for relief work, please leave same with Miss Josephine Leamy, Convenor of the Social Service Committee.

During the last two months, forty-five received help from this Committee.

Secretary.

Children's Photographs !

Saturday Special

Every Week from now until Spring

With every dozen regular 4 x 6 Children's Pictures an 8 x 10 enlargement, ready for framing, will be given.

Prices as reasonable as $5.00 per dozen, and nothing extra for the large picture.

I make a specialty of Child-Photography—it will pay you to look me up.

Bertram F. Hawley,
Residence-Studio Dundas St. West.

CHOOSE YOUR EASTER WARDROBE

At ROBINSON'S

Our store is aglow with the freshness and youthfulness of Spring. Here, in our various departments, "The Story of Spring Merchandise" is being successfully presented for the first time this season. Here, the two great contradictory silhouettes, "The Full Gathered" and "The Straight Pleated" can be seen in apparel of indisputable integrity. Here, the new "Tweeds" that have captured the mode so successfully can be seen in alluring colors and attractive designs. Here, the vogue for Printed and Bordered Materials is colorfully exposed. Here, under one roof, has been assembled all that is deemed newest and smartest for personal adornment. Here, from the finest of the two continents we invite you to make your Easter selections.

THE ROBINSON COMPANY, LIMITED.



Style 6427

RECENT PARIS CABLES BRING US FINAL WORD ABOUT SPRING DRESS STYLES

Dress Silhouettes are amazingly varied. Patou's exquisite collections sponsor bolero effects. Other designers put fullness below the waist-line in the front and on the sides. Other makers have re-introduced the normal waist-line with full, circular skirts. Belts, fancy girdles, embroidered plastrons, shoe,string streamer ties, pockets all have a place and a part in the ornamentation of spring dresses.

DRESS MATERIALS

In Printed Georgettes, Crepes and Chiffons with patterns that suggest old fashioned flower gardens. Taffetas re-appear, Flat Crepes are chosen for utility and Cud'l-doon for sport.

SLEEVES AND THE MODE

The mode is concerned about sleeves. The bishop sleeve, the sleeve with the puff, the mousquetaire sleeve, the sleeve tight at the wrist with fullness at the elbow, the plain tailored sleeve, and the flowing sleeve are the chief types.

Priced from $13.50 to $57.50.

THE CAPE SWINGS GRACEFULLY INTO THE NEW COAT MODE FOR SPRING

In all its phases it is endorsed by every prominent couturier in Paris and New York. The cape sleeve, the three quarter lengtf cape and the jaunty shoulder cape are seen everywhere. Other coat styles come in "flared" and "pleated" effects that are extremely captivating.

Summer furs are endorsed for trimming. Premier honors go to dyed moleskin. Squirrel appears in several tones. Coney is oftimes dyed to match the fabric.

The fabrics of the Coat Mode include Tweeds, Twills, Charmeen, Ottomans, Suedes, Riveria Crepes and Velours.

Navy Blue remains unrivalled, though the new Veronica Blue, Everglade Green, Arrowhead Grey and the numerous wood and rose tones, made their official debut.

Prices range from $12.75 to $87.50.

AN OUTSTANDING SUCCESS—THE SAUNTER SUIT OF SPRING

"Tailored Suits for Spring" says Paris, for fashion-wise Paris is quick to realize that a severely cut tailleur asserts, with unfailing good taste, the charm of the woman who wears it.

Tailored Suits may be single or double breasted, fastened with link button. Some are bound with braid, all have notched lapel, snug-fitting sleeve and man tailored pockets. The skirts wrap the figure snugly about the hips or are unusual with pleatings.

Tailored Suits are smartest in Navy Blue or Black Twills, hair-line stripes, imported tweeds and mannish suitings.

Prices range from $15.00 to $57.50.

THE SMALL HAT IS AGAIN THE SMART HAT

VERSIONS OF NEW YORK'S SMARTEST ON DISPLAY IN OUR MILLINERY SHOW ROOMS

This present collection of Spring and Easter Hats bears the cachet of inimitable Parisian chic. The shapes faithfully portray fashion's latest decrees,, especially stressing the vogue of draped and creased crowns carrying minute upturned brims.

Ribbons in grosgrain weaves are in evidence as well as straws of many kinds, while not a few are a skilful blending of contrasting materials.

And the colorings are really delightful—pastel and blended tones, and of course, the ever desirable black.

Exceptionally attractive values range from $5.00 to $10.00.

SALE OF LADIES' HANDKERCHIEFS

EXTRA SPECIAL VALUE—SATURDAY 3 FOR 25c.

Made in Ireland, these fancy Handkerchiefs come with narrow hemstitched edge, patterns are check, stripe and floral design on colored background. 20 dozen of this exceptional purchase to clear.

Saturday, 3 for 25 cents.

SPRING HOSIERY

Full fashioned silk hose, the silk is a pure thread in fine, even weave, mercerized lisle top, with reinforced heel and toe. New shades are Bran, Sandalwood, Sunburn, Champagne, Rose, Taupe. Price $2.00 pair.

"Pointed heel" pure thread silk hose, with widened lisle top, double sole, extra spliced heel and toe, shades are Rose, Taupe, Platinum, Grey, Silver, Gold, Golden Pheasant, Brown, Price $1.75 pair.

Bi-Tex innerlined silk hose, the silk hose for comfort and durability. Colors Black, Frost, Buckskin, Beige. Price $2.50 pair.

"Harvey" Rayon silk hose, silk and lisle thread woven together to give extra wear, elastic ribb top, double sole, heel and toe. Colors Circassian, Golden Pheasant, Black, Apricot, at $1.00 pair.

OPAL VELVET SQUARES

Made from the finest Australian Wool and manufactured by the celebrated English makers, "John Crossley & Sons," who have the reputation of making the best in the market. These rugs are seamless and will give longer service than those made with seams.

The patterns in these opal squares introduce new variations of the popular and fashionable oriental and conventional designs. The ground colors come in tones of Blue, Fawn and Grey, while the borders are contrasted in tones of Blue, Grey, Rose and Brown. Colorings are guaranteed to be fast.

Obtainable in sizes 7 ft. 6 x 9, 9 x 9, 9 x 10 ft. 6 and 9 x 12 ft.

Prices range from $35.00 to $57.50.

We have just placed a new shipment in stock.

We invite you to see them.



TRY AN ARMOUR CLAD SUIT FOR YOUR BOY

Reinforced at the weak spots like the armour protection of a battleship. The knee, seat and elbow have double thickness of cloth, and the pockets too are built to make these suits absolutely Boy proof. Cloths and patterns very new and attractive.

Prices $8.50 to $15.00. We are extra strong in large sizes.

MEN'S WATERPROOF COATS AT SPECIAL PRICES

Line 7030 is a Brown checked Wool Tweed outside, double texture rubberized between the covering and the lining. A regular $10.00 to $12.50 value. 6 Coats to sell at $8.50.

Line 6045 is a dark Fawn Tweed Coat, rubberized on the inside. An attractive color and a good coat. Only 4 to sell at $7.50. Worth considerably more money.

Quality, Service, Value.

THE ROBINSON CO. LIMITED

We close at 10 p.m. Saturdays. Other days at 5.30 p.m.